



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

PR
4161
B522
A17
1885

FROM A BOOK FUND COMMEMORATING
RUTH GERALDINE ASHEN
CLASS OF 1931

It's a sad thing
when a man is to be so soon forgotten
And the shining in his soul
 gone from the earth
With no thing remaining;

And it's a sad thing
when a man shall die
And forget love
 which is the shininess of life;

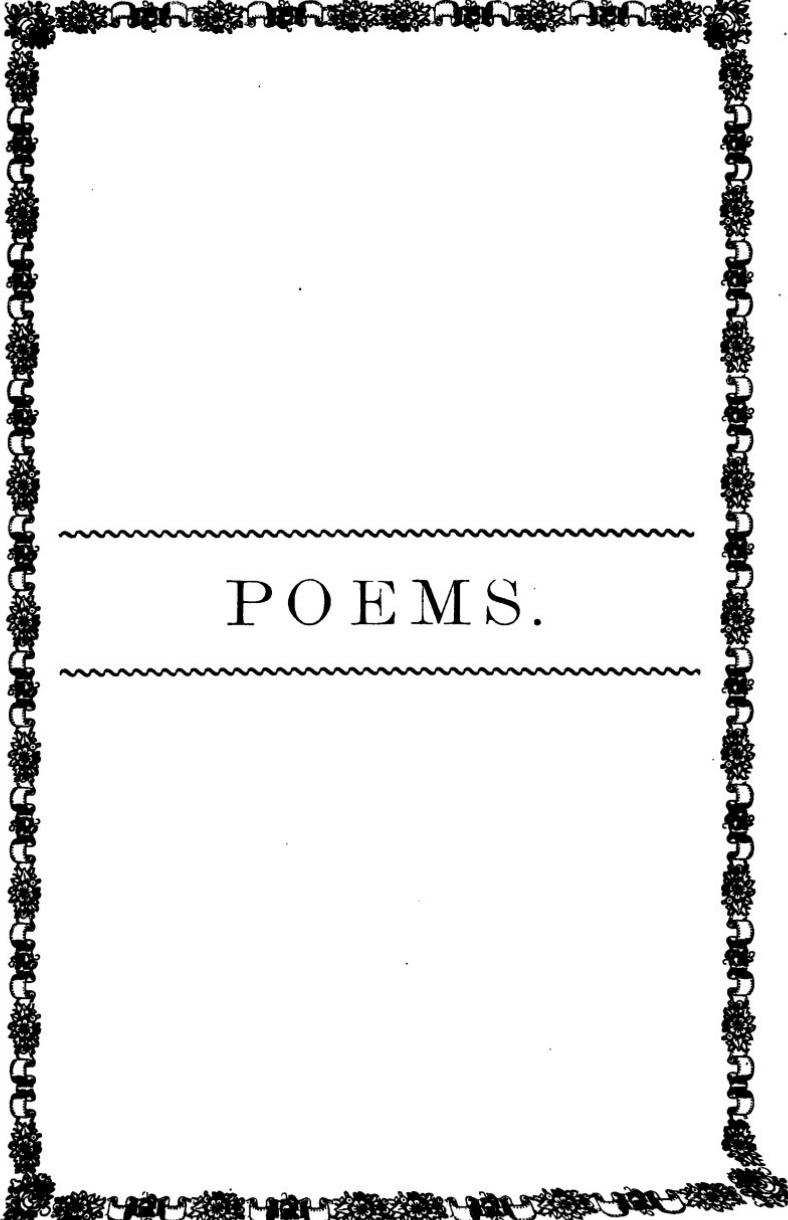
But it's a sadder thing
that a man shall forget love
And he not dead but walking in the field
 of a May morning
And listening to the voice of the thrush.

— R.G.A., in *A Yearbook of
Stanford Writing*, 1931

STANFORD
UNIVERSITY LIBRARIES
GIVEN BY EDWIN EVERITT WILLIAMS '32

boat





POEMS.

POEMS:

ORIGINAL AND TRANSLATED.

BY

JOHN BRADFORD.

Author of "Wyeside," "Rent Asunder," &c.



HEREFORD:

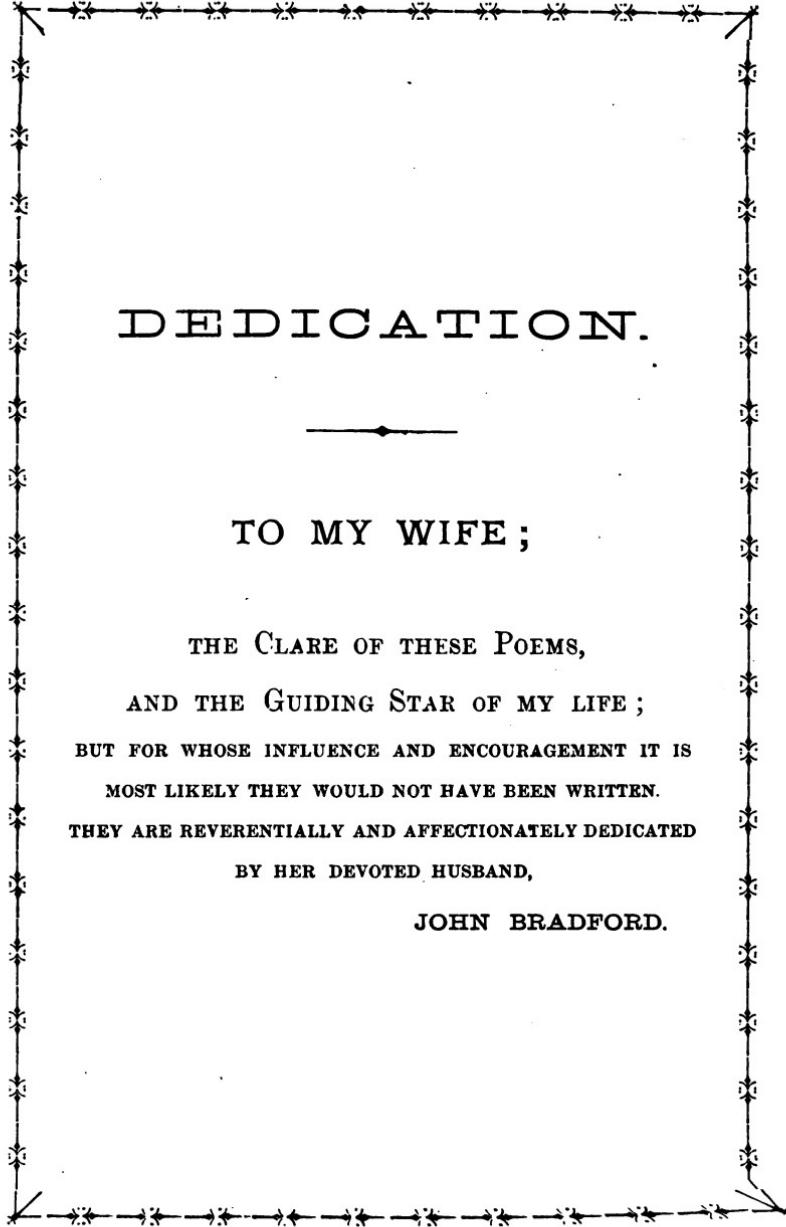
F. S. PROSSER, PRINTER, "HEREFORD MERCURY" OFFICES.

BRISTOL:

AUSTIN AND OATES, 9, PARK STREET.

—
1885.





DEDICATION.

TO MY WIFE;

THE CLARE OF THESE POEMS,
AND THE GUIDING STAR OF MY LIFE;
BUT FOR WHOSE INFLUENCE AND ENCOURAGEMENT IT IS
MOST LIKELY THEY WOULD NOT HAVE BEEN WRITTEN.
THEY ARE REVERENTIALLY AND AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED
BY HER DEVOTED HUSBAND,

JOHN BRADFORD.

LIST OF SUBSCRIBERS.

Adams, Mr. T.	Cullimore, Mr.
Allen, W., Esq.	Cullimore, Miss
Addis, Mr.	Cooke, Mr.
Anthony, C., Esq., junr.	Cox, Mr. G., Cheltenham.
Allsopp, Mrs.	Davis, Mr.
Andrews, Mr. B.	De Winton, Capt. R. H.
Barlow, Mr.	Davies, Mrs.
Beavan, Mr.	Davis, Miss E. J.
Bustin, Mrs.	Donovan, Mr. J.
Bateman, the Rt. Hon. Lord (the Lord Lieutenant of Herefordshire).	Daw, Mr.
Bateman, the Rt. Hon. Lady	Earle, Mr.
Bustin, Mr.	Edmonds, Mr.
Berrow, Mrs.	Evans, Mrs.
Brassington, Mr.	Elcox, Mr.
Brassington, Mr., junr.	Edwards, Mr.
Birch, Mr. T.	Evans, Mr. T.
Burgham, Miss	Farmer, Mr.
Bridgwater, Mr.	Froggatt, Mr.
Beavan, Mr.	Froggatt, Mr.
Brown, Mr.	Ford, Mr.
Beaumont, Mrs.	Findon, Mr.
Beaumont, Mr.	Fletcher, Mr.
Biscoe, Miss	Froggatt, Mr. T.
Blashill, Mr.	Farr, Mr. J.
Blashill, Mr. G.	Farmer, Mr.
Bull, H. G., Esq., M.D.	Fowler, J. O., Esq.
Barneby, W. H., Esq.	Fluck, Mr.
Birch, Mrs.	Fowles, Mr.
Beach, Mr.	Guy, Mr.
Barnett, Mr.	Guy, Mr., junr.
Beavan, Mrs.	Griffiths, L. D., Esq.
Brewer, Mr. and Mrs.	Green, Mr., Bristol.
Beavan, Mr. and Mrs.	Green, Mrs.
Bussell, Mr. J. H.	Green, Miss.
Bussell, Mr. J. G.	Gurney, Mr.
Blake, T., Esq.	Gurney, Mr., G., junr.
Bradford, Miss E.	Godsall, Mr.
Bradford, Miss	Godsall, Mr. J.
Bustin, Mr.	Gooding, Mr.
Batson, Mr.	Ginham, Mr.
Brooks, Mr. A.	Goode, Mr.
Bustin, Mr., Liverpool.	Griffiths, Mr.
Bowers, Mr.	Goodman, Mr.
Bowers, Mr. W.	Griffiths, Mr.
Bustin, Mr., Bristol.	Gudy, Mr.
Chesterfield, the Right Hon. the Earl of	Hain, Mr.
Carless, Joseph, Esq., junr.	Holtom, Mr. W.
Corbett, Mr.	Holtom, Mr. F.
Connolly, Mr.	Holtom, Mrs.
Clay, Mr.	Holtom, Miss H.
Corner, Mr.	Holtom, Miss F.
Collier, Mr.	Harris, Mr.
Chapman, Mr. D. R.	Harris, Mr.
Cotton, Mrs.	Hull, Mr.
Cock, Mr. B.	Holmes, Mr.
Coitwell, Mr.	Holloway, Rev. E. J.
Cope, Mr.	Harrison, Mr.
Cope, Mr., junr.	Howells, Mr.
Crump, Mr.	Hill, Mr.
	Hill, Mr.

Hoskins, Mr., Cornwall.	Parker, Mr.
Hawnt, Mr.	Pateshall, Evan, Esq.
Hatton, Mr. E. J.	Pantall, Mr. W.
Hogan, Mr. J.	Prosser, Mr. W.
Hammonds, Mr.	Prosser, Mr. F. S.
Herbert, Mr.	Powell, Mr. G.
Hewett, Mrs.	Preece, Mr.
Heeks, Mr.	Powell, Mr. W.
Jones, Mr. G.	Pilley, Miss
Jones, Mr. W.	Pilley, Mr. J.
Jones, Miss	Pilley, Mr. E.
Jones, Mr. G.	Pilley, Mr. W.
James, Mr.	Pulley, J., Esq., M.P.
Jones, Miss	Powell, Mr., London.
Johnson, Mr. J.	Packwood, Mr. S.
Jordon, Mr.	Pritchard, Mr., Leominster
Kennard, Rev. C.	Pardington, Mr., junr.
Kelly, Miss A.	Patterson, Mrs.
Lane, Mr.	Price, Mr. E.
Lambe, J., Esq.	Phillips, Mr. C., junr.
Lambe, Capt.	Powell, Mr. T.
Llanwarne, T., Esq.	Powell, Mr. G.
Lewis, E. J., Esq.	Powell, Mr. J.
Lewis, Mr.	Phillips, Mr.
Lewis, Mr. C.	Powell, Mrs.
Lewis, Mr. J.	Perkins, Mrs.
Lewis, Miss	Rankin, J., Esq., M.P.
Lakin, Mrs.	Rowe, Mr.
Lane, Mr.	Rowe, Mr.
Lewis, Mr. J.	Randall, Mr.
Lewis, Mr.	Randall, Mr. J.
Lane, Mr., junr.	Ray, Mr. W.
Lewis, Mr. W.	Rogers, H., Esq.
Longdon, Mrs.	Ralph, P., Esq.
Lilley, Mr.	Rogers, Mr.
McCabe, Mr.	Redding, Mr.
Mills, Mr. B.	Stowe, Miss S. A.
Mills, Mr. H.	Stowe, Mr.
Magness, Mr.	Spencer, Mr. P. Russell,
Merrick, Mr. F.	Schmitler, Mr.
Merrick, Mr.	Stephens, Mr.
Mason, Mr.	Shellard, O., Esq.
Morrison, Mr. Watson.	Shade, Mr.
Marchant, Mr. S	Stephens, Mr. J. Y.
Mailles, Mr.	Snead, Mr.
Millichamp, Mr.	Smith, Mrs.
Mears, Mr.	Stephens, Mr.
Martin, Mr.	Smith, Mr. A.
Martin, Miss.	Stone, Mrs.
Moore, Mr.	Stephens, Mr.
Mason, Mr.	Stephens, Mr., junr.
Morgan, Mrs.	Slaughter, Mr.
Motley, Mr.	Scriven, Mrs.
Morgan, Mr. C.	Shower, Mrs.
Motley, Mr.	Smith, Mr.
Nawan, Mr. J.	Smith, Mr. W.
Norton, Mr.	Sunderland, Mr., junr.
Noble, Mr.	Scobie, M. J. G., Esq.
Nash, Mr.	The Right Rev. J. Hedley, Bishop of Newport and Menevia.
Nash, Mr. J. P. R.	The Very Rev. Canon P. W. Raynal.
O'Conner, Mr.	The Very Rev. Canon Hurworth
Ovens, Miss.	Taylor, Mr.
Ockey, Mr. C.	Taylor, Mr. R.
Pye, Mr. W.	Taylor, Mr. C.
Pye, Mr. J.	The Rector of Eaton Bishop.
Prince, R. Esq.	Tibbey, Mr.
Perfment, Mrs.	Thiselton, Mr. E. J.
Perfment, Mr. T.	Vaughan, Mr.
Pritchard, Mr.	Wegg-Prosser, F. R., Esq.
Phillips, Mr. W.	

Wegg-Prosser, Capt. J. F.
Wigley, Mr.
Wright, Mrs. and Miss
Williams, Mr.
Wargent, Mr.
Wargent, Miss
Wilcox, Miss
Wheeler, Mr.
Williams, Mr.
Williams, Mr. H. B.

Worthing, Mr.
Watkins, Mr. A.
Watkins, Mr. C.
Williams, Mr.
Walker, Mr.
Webb, Mr.
Webb, Mr.
White, —, Esq.
Wood, Mr. R.



HEREFORD :
F. S. PROSSER, PRINTER, "HEREFORD MERCURY" OFFICES.

P R E F A C E.

Most of the following Poems have, during the past quarter of a century, been published in the "HEREFORD TIMES," the "HEREFORD JOURNAL," and the "HEREFORD MERCURY." The others were published in London and Bristol. It has long been a very cherished desire of mine to see these scattered bantlings of my brain gathered together and housed under the covers of a book ;—so that I might, when the mood struck me, be able, by referring to them, to live over again, in a certain sense, the hours of gaiety and gloom in which they were written. That desire is, at last attained ; and they are committed to the judgment of the public. I am much gratified at seeing them in a book ; and if those who honour me by reading them derive pleasure or profit from their perusal I shall be still more gratified.

Yours very faithfully,

JOHN BRADFORD.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
An Invocation	I
Bright Stream	3
The Legend of The Aspen	7
To a Bunch of Wild flowers	10
To Those Who Loved her...	13
Joan of Arc...	14
To Clare's Eyebrow	18
Matin Requests	19
The Wyeside Sister's Song...	20
My Clare	21
An Invitation	23
My Childhood's Home	24
The Contrast	25
To Clare	28
Farewell to the Wye	50
When we were young at Home	31
The Preference	32
To Our Lady of Consolation	34
To An Apprehensive Soul...	36
To the Bells of St. Michael's Tower	37
Thoughts	38
The Life of a Foambell	40
To a Crucifix	41
Remembrances	44
A Child's Morning Hymn ...	45
In Sadness to the Sea	48
The Dying Flower ...	50
Mary Stuart's Farewell	51
The Withered Leaf	53
Lincluden Grange ...	53

PAGE.

Birthday Thoughts told to a Bunch of Wild Flowers	54
The Captive	56
The Song of the Cossack	58
Ruth	62
To the Very Rev. Canon H. Basil Hurworth	65
Under the Elders	66
To John Francis Wegg-Prosser, Esq.	68
The Outcast	69
At Clare's Desire	70
In Memoriam	72
The Broken Fiddle	75
The Nation's Brotherhood	75
The Prayer of the Prince Imperial	77
My Olden Haunts	79
The Young Captive	81
Forty to Nineteen	85
The Dying Girl	84
Tamora	86
The Swallows	88
The Animals Sick of the Plague	89
The Two Birds	92
The Widow's Aspiration	94
Sandy Tom's Epitaph	95
The Angel's Serenade	96
A Song for the Volunteers	97
The Lay of the English Emigrant	98
Five Years ago	100
About Clare's Photograph	101
Brave Bark	102
Etheldeen of the Nith	103
Alphonsus the Wise	105
To my Wife	106

An Invocation.

FROM sunny climes, beyond the main,
 Come, potent Spring,
 On rapid wing,
 And glorify our isle again.

 Banish the cold, ungenial snow,
 From the high hills ;
 Unbind the rills,
 And in fair freedom let them flow
 Through valleys lone and dingles wild ;
 Where, as they pass,
 They'll joy to glass
 Bright blooms by no rude touch defil'd.

 Cause me again, benignant Spring,
 To pause and mark
 The loud-voic'd lark,
 While with his lays the valleys ring,
 As high he soars, on pinions fleet,
 O'er many a field
 That soon will yield
 Rich stores of barley, beans, and wheat.

 The butterfly, on wing rich-hu'd,
 Send forth again
 O'er hill and plain
 By urchin foemen unpursu'd ;

While the green robes of all the meads
 Of daisies white
 And kingcups bright
 Profusely bear the beauteous beads.

Star deftly with anemones
 The copses' moss ;
 Let harebells toss
 Their azure heads in every breeze ;

While the shy cushat's mellow coo,
 From far and near,
 Falls on the ear,
 Filling the heart with gladness true.

Let with the gorse's golden light
 The commons flame,
 And proudly claim
 Meet notice from each passer's sight ;

While from the trees that round them stand,
 The speckled thrush,
 Gush after gush,
 Pours forth his music sweetly bland.

Distilments rich of honey sweet
 Let the wild bee
 Delighted see
 When it alights, with tiny feet,
 On clover boss, pink, sweet and soft,
 On orchis frail,
 On primrose pale,
 Or soars to chesnut cones aloft.

Let bush and tree rich raiment seek
 From thy apt loom ;
 Bring back the bloom
 To many a patient's pain-pal'd cheek ;

 And glad the heart of sinless childhood
 With mirth and joy,
 Free from alloy—
 Found fairly so in glen and wildwood.

 Quick use, sweet Spring, thy powers divine,
 And loftier lays
 Thy deeds shall praise
 Then e'er can flow from pen of mine.

Bright Stream.

DIDST thou but know how soon, bright stream,
 Thy charms thou must forego,
 And be no more the poet's theme,
 So fast thou wouldest not flow,
 Bright stream—
 So fast thou wouldest not flow.

But linger where green willows wave,
 And wild bees boom along ;
 Where birds their glossy plumage lave,
 And fill the air with song,
 Bright stream—
 And fill the air with song.

No waves, save those of brooks and rills,
 From glens where woodbines twine,
 And vales begirt with wooded hills,
 Have come to mix with thine,

Bright stream—

Have come to mix with thine.

But soon dark, slow, and turbid streams,

That through large cities glide,

Will veil thy brightest pebbles' gleams,

And all thy beauties hide,

Bright stream--

And all thy beauties hide.

By stately streets and lordly homes

Thy waters soon will flow,

Where art and science rear their domes,

In grand and glorious show,

Bright stream—

In grand and glorious show.

But homesteads calm, in valleys deep,

Anear the village fane,

Or cottage homes on hillsides steep,

Thou'l never see again,

Bright stream—

Thou'l never see again.

Thou'l hear the sound of merry bells

From towers and steeples high,

And catch the roaring noise that swells

From crowded streets hard by,

Bright stream—

From crowded streets hard by.

But no glad bleat of fresh-penn'd flocks,
 No lowing of sleek kine,
 Depastur'd near the sunlit rocks,
 Will ever more be thine,
 Bright stream—
 Will ever more be thine.

Past docks, and wharves, and stores thou'l glide
 Where costly goods abound,
 Where cargoes come with every tide,
 And shipwrights' hammers sound,
 Bright stream--
 And shipwrights' hammers sound.

But though thy broad expanded breast
 May bear boat, barque, and barge,
 No bird near thee will weave its nest,
 No wild flowers gem thy marge,
 Bright stream—
 No wild flowers gem thy marge.

At midnight's lone, remorseful time,
 Some poor misguided girl,
 Who, in her happy maiden prime,
 Oft watch'd thy bright waves' whirl,
 Bright stream—
 Oft watch'd thy bright waves' whirl ;

All weary of a life of sin,
 Without a home or friend,
 May seek thy waves, and plunge therein,
 Her life of shame to end,
 Bright stream—
 Her life of shame to end.

By warning buoys, that roll and dip,
 Thy final course will be,
 Where many a lofty-masted ship
 Sails to the open sea,

Bright stream—

Sails to the open sea.

But thou wilt lose the teams and ploughs
 That all thy rich fields grace,
 And glaze no more the alder-boughs
 That o'er thee interlace,

Bright stream—

That o'er thee interlace.

I've been the way that thou must go,—
 Seen much that thou must see,—
 And, knowing all of life I know,
 I can but pity thee,

Bright stream—

I can but pity thee.

For, having left hill, wood, and plain—
 All scenes of calm content—
 Thou canst no more come back again
 To where life's morn was spent,

Bright stream—

To where life's morn was spent.



The Legend of the Aspen.

THE QUESTION.

DEAR to the bright cerulean sky
 Unstirr'd the silvery cloudlets lie ;
 O'er yonder wide, unruffl'd bay
 The white-sail'd ships can make no way ;
 No rustling from the sedges near
 Falls on the loitering listener's ear ;
 From the old cottage in the croft
 Straightly ascends the smoke aloft ;
 The spreading oak, the silver birch,
 The yew beside the village church,
 And the tall pine upon the hill,
 Are all at rest—serenely still ;
 No zephyrs o'er the meadows pass
 With balmy breath to fan the grass,
 Or raise a ripple on the river ;
 Why, aspen, then, dost thou still quiver ?

THE ANSWER.

O'er eighteen hundred years ago,
 Where Jordan's amber waters flow,
 Green, graceful, calm, and fair to view,
 My ruthless old forefathers grew ;
 But, on a morn of spring-tide bright,
 When, from the blue unclouded sky,
 The sun shone down with dazzling light,
 Inviting flowers of varied dye
 Their fragile petals to unfold,
 And glad the bees that rov'd the plains,
 Filling the birds with joy untold,

The air with their melodious strains ;
 Wiling the adder from its lair,
 And making all Creation's face,
 From high hill's top to rough rock's base,
 Bright, peaceful, smiling, calm, and fair ;
 Up Jordan's vale an angel flew,
 Array'd in robes of lily hue,
 Exclaiming, as she wing'd her way,
 In accents fraught with dire dismay :—

“ Weep, flocks and herds ;
 Weep, beasts and birds ;
 Weep, flowers and trees ;
 Weep, adders and bees ;
 Weep, insects small ;
 Weep, creatures all ;

And let the joys you hold most dear
 Give place to wonder, woe, and fear ;
 For now, with insult, blow, and curse,
 The God of all the Universe
 By ruthless men, with impious zest,
 Is being led
 His blood to shed
 On Calvary's gore-encrimson'd crest.”

Soon as these words of woe were said,
 The flocks and herds no longer fed ;
 The coney sought the loneliest dell ;
 The bee forsook the floret's bell ;
 The adder sought its lair again ;
 No wild bird's song swept o'er the plain ;
 No insect hummed its tiny strain ;
 The flowers, rich in scent and hue,

Their beauties from the gaze withdrew ;
And every shrub and tree that grew,
Excepting my forefathers proud,
In fear and awe their branches bow'd ;
But they, on selfish joys intent,
With every breeze that through them went,
Still sported on without a pause ;
And in the waves that by them pass'd
With guilty pride their beauty glass'd,
As if of grief they had no cause.
But soon the sun its beams withdrew,
And such a gloom o'er earth was thrown,
As until then had ne'er been known—
Veiling all things around from view.
And while the lightning lit the air
With lurid and appalling glare ;
While the loud thunder, peal on peal,
Made the old hills' foundations reel ;
While the strong earthquake's mighty shocks
Asunder rent the hoary rocks ;
And those who in their graves had lain
Were seen to tread the earth again ;
In sap and fibre, bough and spray,
They felt a thrill of fear and pain ;
And when the darkness clear'd away,
And Nature's face grew fair again,
The victims of remorse and grief
They trembling stood in every leaf ;
And since that day of anguish deep,
Not for the space of one brief hour
Have their descendants had the power

A single leaf at rest to keep ;
 And thus, until the end of time,
 They'll mourn for their forefathers' crime.

To a Bunch of Wild Flowers.

OH ! deem me not cruel, bright, many-hu'd flowers,
 That I bear you away from the meads and the bowers,
 Where the butterfly might on your petals alight,
 And the breeze gather perfume to shed in its flight ;
 For I bear you away, in your beauty and bloom,
 To cheer and enliven the solemn sick room
 Of one who still loves, with a love deep and true,
 Your hues, odours, and forms, and the spots where you grew.

He will gaze on your beauties with pleasure and pride,
 As you stand in a vase by his quiet bedside,
 And he'll talk of the days when, fleet-footed and strong,
 Through the woods and the meads he went rambling along,
 As delighted and gay, and as free from all care,
 As the fawns of the park or the birds of the air ;
 And, when sleep for awhile softly steals o'er his brain,
 In his dreams he will tread all his old haunts again.

He will wander away through the green winding lanes,
 Where the bright golden gorse in its gay glory reigns ;
 Where the rays of the starwort are fair to the sight,
 And the speedwell discloses its eyelets of white ;
 Where the brown linnet sits on the hedgerow's frail spray,
 And elatedly carols his tenderest lay ;

While above, in the blooms of the old chestnut trees,
Sounds the satisfied hum of the amber-zon'd bees.

He will wander along by the bright streamlet's side,
Where the murmuring waves by the sweet hawthorns glide ;
Where the tall, graceful crane's-bill displays its fair head,
And the cardamine's petals wide open are spread ;
While the sooty-wing'd merle, darting off in affright,
Shakes a shower of white blooms o'er its surface most bright,
While swiftly away the suspicious trout glide
In their deepest retreats from the gazer to hide.

When the sun brightly shines in the sky overhead,
The soft, emerald turf of the meads he will tread ;
Where the cowslip erects its pale fairly-fleck'd bells,
While beside it the orchis in calm beauty dwells ;
Where the crowfoot displays its bright beakers of gold,
And the daisies their purple-tipp'd petals unfold ;
While borne up aloft, on his pinions so strong,
The russet-rob'd skylark emits his glad song.

Through the woods and the glades his glad way he will wend
Where the strawberries creep and the bright blue-bells bend ;
Where their sweet-smelling blossoms the violets show,
And the primroses pale still in large clusters grow ;
While distant and near, in the trees all around,
The enrapturing lays of the happy birds sound,
And the lapse of the musical streamlet anear,
Is a fount of delight to the listener's ear.

Then deem me not cruel, bright many hu'd flowers !
That I bear you away from the meads and the bowers,

Where the butterfly might on your petals alight ;
 And the breeze gather perfume to shed in its flight ;
 For I bear you away, in your beauty and bloom,
 To cheer and enliven the solemn sick room
 Of one who still loves, with a love deep and true,
 Your hues, odours, and forms, and the spots where you grew.

Song.

The painful hour too fast is nearing
 When I must leave the scenes of old,
 And lose all friendship's joys endearing,
 Without which life is drear and cold ;
 But often when I'm far away,
 To them and you my thoughts will fly,
 For long elsewhere they could not stay :
 Good bye, old friends, good bye !
 For long elsewhere they could not stay
 Good bye, old friends, good bye !

I leave youth's haunts with sad emotion ,
 And never while on earth I dwell,
 My heart shall lose its deep devotion
 For hill-top high and leafy dell ;
 And those I lov'd in early youth
 Enshrin'd within my heart shall lie,
 And claim old age's steadfast truth :
 Good bye, old friends, good bye ;
 And claim old age's stedfast truth ;
 Good bye, old friends, good bye !

To Those Who Loved Her.

Though gentle, loving, pure, and fair
 A little maid of promise rare,
 Who might in life's eventful race
 Have won a bright and envied place—
 Weep not for her.

Had she been granted length of life,
 Her golden hair with beauty rife,
 With which you fondly lov'd to play,
 Care might have early ting'd with grey—
 Weep not for her.

In paths not those prescrib'd by God,
 With daring feet she might have trod,
 With sin's dark dyes her soul have stain'd,
 And ne'er a heavenly home have gain'd—
 Weep not for her.

Tears might have dimm'd her sparkling eye,
 Which you'd have lack'd the power to dry,
 Though yearning to extract the dart
 That rankled in her wounded heart—
 Weep not for her.

Deep furrows too, in her smooth brow
 Might have been cut by Grief's stern plough ;
 But her life's glass has run its sands,
 And safe she dwells with angel bands—
 Weep not for her.



Joan of Arc.

A F R A G M E N T .

In Fancy's realm I saw a teeming vale
 In which there lay a homestead old and rude,
 Whose fields with flocks and herds were thickly strew'd—
 Telling of rural peace a pleasant tale.
 It was an eve in bright and busy May—
 So beautiful and calm that not a sound,
 Except the wild bird's mellow vesper lay,
 Broke through the stillness deep that reign'd around.

The joyous lark had ceas'd to soar on high,
 The flowers begun to close their petals bright,
 Toil-weary bees to wing their hivebound flight,
 And now and then a timid hare ran by.
 Down by a gloomy wood of beeches large
 A streamlet bright ran with a noiseless flow
 Towards the sea ; while on its verdant marge
 A pensive Maiden stray'd with footsteps slow.

Her form was tall, symmetrical, and slight ;
 Her lofty brow deep thought's impression bore ;
 Her cheeks the bloom of waning girlhood wore ;
 Her eyes were dark and beautifully bright ;
 Her crimson-snooded locks so deep in dye
 No raven's wing could be more darkly fair ;
 Her garments plain, but pleasing to the eye,
 And such as peasants girls were wont to wear.

Immers'd in thought she wandered on until
 A lofty beech she gain'd ; beneath whose boughs,
 With golden radiance haloing their brows,
 She saw fair messengers of Heaven's will,
 Who bade her go and lead her country's hosts,
 Against its proud and unrelenting foes ;—
 To quell their haughty and insulting boasts,
 And free fair France from fell invasion's woes.

* * * * *

Clad in the shining armour of a knight,
 Mounted upon a richly-bridled steed,
 Matchless in strength, docility, and speed,
 And bearing in her hand a banner white,
 The Maid, attended by a cavalcade
 Of soldiers, knights, esquires, and pages gay,
 Her entry into leagured Orleans made,
 Filling its foes with terror and dismay.

'Twas midnight dark ; and as she rode along
 Its gloomy streets, amid the plaudits loud
 Of an o'erjoyed, enthusiastic crowd,
 The lurid sky was lit with lightnings strong,
 And the murk air with peals of thunder rent ;
 But on amidst the elemental strife,
 To its cathedral old, their way they bent,
 Whose aisles were soon with glad Te Deums rife.

* * * * *

Tired with a morn of toil, asleep she lay ;
 Her colour went and came in gushes fleet ;
 And starting with a bound upon her feet,
 She cried aloud in accents of dismay :—

" My arms ! My arms ! My horse ! The blood of France
 Is ebbing fast from many a noble heart ;
 Quick ! Quick ! My arms ! 'Twill be a dire mischance
 If in the strife I fail to bear my part."

Quickly in glittering armour she was dight ;
 Quickly her banner and her steed were brought ;
 And mounting with the speed of swift-wing'd thought,
 She shook her bridle-rein and sought the fight.
 Led by the sounds of conflict in the air,
 Full soon she saw bright-gleaming weapons sway,
 And waving o'er her head her standard fair,
 Fearlessly plung'd into the bloody fray.

For three hour's space the conflict rag'd amain ;
 And ever in the thickest of the fight
 The Maiden waved aloft her banner white,
 While round her lay the wounded and the slain.
 But still, despite the culverins' loud roar—
 The barbéd arrows' flight, the sabre's sway,
 And groans of brave men weltering in their gore,
 She urged the troops to keep their onward way.

Anon they gain'd and storm'd a fortress strong ;
 Within those walls there raged such deadly strife,
 Few of its garrison escaped with life—
 So desperately did they the fight prolong.
 At last the dreadful conflict reached its close,
 And not a living foe remained in view ;
 When the glad victors' shouts of triumph rose,
 And sated Havoc from the scene withdrew.



* * * * *

In Rouen's market-place there is a stake,
Encircl'd by a pile of pitch-smear'd wood ;
Round which there stands a throng of soldiers rude—
Hoping at last their vengeance dire to slake ;
And, through the grave and anxious crowd around,
The Maid is brought along, o'erwhelmed with woe,
And to the stake with heavy chains is bound—
The fearful death of fire to undergo.

Her long, luxurious raven locks, whose flow
Was wont erewhile to be so neatly checkt,
Are floating all in wildness and neglect
Adown her graceful neck of stainless snow.
Her ear, that drank the tunes of streamlets clear,
And loved the joyous wild bird's gushing song,
Is now assail'd by insult, scoff, and jeer,
From ruthless foes that thickly round her throng.

Her eye, that fed in happy, bygone days,
On changeful nature's most alluring charms,
Upon a mass of mail-clad men-at-arms
Is casting now its sad, uneasy gaze.
A sign to light the pyre is made at last ;
Relentless hands the ready lights apply,
And soon the smoke ascends in volumes vast,
Veiling the victim frail from every eye.

In silence deep some moments pass away ;
A gust of wind to fury fans the pyre ;
And then her form is seen through sheets of fire—
Writhing about, to agony a prey.

Stern Horror's thrill shakes many a daring heart,
 And many an eye sweet Pity's teardrop dims,
 While cries of anguish from her lips depart,
 As the bright flames curl round her quivering limbs.
 But now more fiercely wild the huge fire grows—
 The stake that held her up is burnt away—
 And down she sinks. The flames have gained their prey,
 And o'er her blistering form their hot lips close.
 While this scene pass'd, God's priest assumed his place,
 And o'er her held the Crucifix on high ;
 So, gazing on Christ's sweet but woe-worn face,
 She learnt resignedly her death to die.

* * * * *

Enthusiasts, in an earthly cause,
 These scenes go ponder well ;
 Then weigh, against the world's applause,
 The peace of some fair dell.
 Of youth's illusions think no more,—
 No longer pant for fame,
 For virtue's wreath, unstained by gore,
 Can joys unending claim.

To Clare's Eyebrow.

Thou art a lucky thing, dark bow of hair !
 For it must be a most delightful lot
 To have a home on such a lovely spot
 As is the base of Clare's bright forehead fair.
 And sure I am it is a joy most rare
 For thee thy fair and graceful form to view
 In her large eye's deep lake of peerless blue,
 Amid the lashes long, reflected there.

Thy sisters fair, the ever-restless tresses,
 Invite thee oft, no doubt, with them to stray
 When they, in merry mood, are on their way
 To glad the cheek below with fond caresses ;
 But, having seen thy sweet, enchanting home,
 They cannot marvel that thou wilt not roam.

Matin Requests.

Bloom doubly fair, sweet flowers, to-day,
 And all your rarest hues display,
 For Clare has left her couch of pain,
 And longs to see your forms again.

Shine doubly bright, fair sun, to-day,
 And chase the envious clouds away,
 Clare will again the greensward tread,
 If thou art reigning high o'erhead.

Be doubly clear, swift stream, to-day,
 As thou pursu'st thine onward way ;
 Clare may along thy margin pass,
 And thou her form may'st wave to glass.

Sing doubly sweet, glad birds, to-day,
 In wood and grove, on bough and spray ;
 Clare may be by to hear your strains
 Go floating o'er the happy plains.

Sweet flowers, fair sun, swift stream, glad birds,
 Respond to my beseeching words,
 By being as I'd have you be,
 And gentle Clare again you'll see.

The Wyeside Sister's Song.

Come to the Wyeside ! come with me !
 Unhappy here thou canst but be ;
 For gentle hearts abhor the strife
 That is in towns for ever rife.

The scenes around the peaceful grange
 Have undergone but little change
 Since years ago thou left'st thy home,
 By false ambition lur'd to roam.

The churchyard has a few more graves,
 O'er most of which the long grass waves ;
 But some there are, all fair with flowers,
 Which bloom above lost friends of ours.

The path is stopp'd through Beechwood dell,
 For strangers now at Beechwood dwell,
 And down beside the village pool
 No more thou'l see the village school.

But still thou'l hear the rippling rills ;
 And still thou'l see the tree-clad hills ;
 For Nature's charms are now as fair
 As when we roam'd in childhood there.

The Wye is still as pure a stream
 As when thereby we lov'd to dream
 The day-dreams bright of bygone years.
 Unconscious that they'd end in tears.

Come, then, with me, and, as of old,
 A sister's arms shall thee enfold ;
 And smiles of love shall chase away
 The cares that on thy sad heart prey.

When Spring in peerless beauty reigns,
 We'll rove the flower-enamell'd plains
 By thee so lov'd and deem'd so fair,
 Ere thy young heart knew aught of care.

In Summer's heat the hills we'll scale,
 And on their tops the breeze inhale
 That coolly comes from greenwood dells,
 Where morning's freshness longest dwells.

In Winter's dark and stormy nights
 We'll draw from books those pure delights,
 Which they who seek may always find,
 Where wit and wisdom lie enshrin'd.

I'll sing thee, too, thy boyhood's songs,
 Till thoughts of old come back in throngs ;
 And thou wilt marvel thou could'st stray
 From home, and friends, and me away.

Come to the Wyeside, then, with me,
 And I a home will make for thee,
 Where feignless love and stainless truth
 Shall bring thee back the peace of youth.

My Clare.

Oh ! do not doubt, my gentle Clare,
 The love of this fond heart ;
 For could I gaze on forms more fair,
 From thee 'twould ne'er depart.

My Clare—
 From thee 'twould ne'er depart.

A love more deep—more fondly true—
 Ne'er form'd a poet's theme ;
 'Tis peerless as thine eye's bright blue,
 And pure as mountain stream,
 My Clare—
 And pure as mountain stream.

While rivers seek the boundless main,
 And foam-bells on them play,
 Its purity shall know no stain,
 Its fervour no decay,
 My Clare—
 Its fervour no decay.

While flo'rets wild perfume the gale,
 And glad the roving bee,
 To be all thine I cannot fail,
 So dear art thou to me,
 My Clare—
 So dear art thou to me.

Wert thou to roam from pole to pole—
 To search each mount and glen—
 Thou wouldest not find a truer soul
 Among the sons of men,
 My Clare—
 Among the sons of men.

Doubt, then, no more, my gentle Clare,
 The love of this fond heart,
 For could I gaze on forms more fair,
 From thee 'twould ne'er depart.
 My Clare—
 From thee 'twould ne'er depart.

An Invitation.

Come away, gentle Clare, to the banks of the Wye,
 While the stars of the earth shine to gladden thine eye,
 And the sward of the dell by the hazel-wood grove
 Is a carpet most meet for thy light feet to rove ;
 While the echoes repeat the wild bird's gushing song ;
 While the bright babbling brook goes careering along ;
 And all things are so fair no delights can outvie
 The delights that abound on the banks of the Wye.

On Maplecliffe's top there's a wide-spreading yew.
 From beneath whose dark boughs the glad eye gains a view
 Of a prospect so grand thy pure heart can but praise,
 As away o'er its beauties thy bright blue eyes gaze ;
 For the smooth-gliding river, the oak, elm, and pine,
 Will enrapture a soul so susceptive as thine ;
 Then bid the gay city's allurements good bye,
 And repair to the beautiful banks of the Wye.

Drawn fresh from the founts of perennial joy,
 The delights of thy mind shall be free from alloy ;
 For in cool, quiet glades, where the leafy boughs wave,
 We'll peruse the wise words of the learned and grave ;
 And, as gaily we roam the bright valleys along,
 Rehearse the sweet strains of the Children of Song,
 Then bid the gay city's allurements good bye,
 And repair to the beautiful banks of the Wye.

The sage's rich lore and the poet's sweet lay,
 The fields gaily dight in their choicest array ;
 The musical brook and the leaf-vestur'd tree,
 Are ready to yield their enjoyments to thee,

For delights such as these that thine advent await
 A Queen might abandon her splendour and state.
 Then bid the gay city's allurements good bye,
 And repair to the beautiful banks of the Wye.

My Childhood's Home.

There may be lands more fair than mine,
 With skies of cloudless blue,
 Where morning's dewdrops brighter shine
 On flowers of deeper hue,
 Which I might see were I to roam
 Afar from thee, my childhood's home.

But while beneath this cloud-fleck'd sky
 The rose and violet bloom,
 And load each breeze that wanders by
 With freights of rich perfume,
 I've joys I prize too much to roam
 Afar from thee, my childhood's home.

There may be lands beyond the main
 Where lofty mountains rise,
 While over forest, lake, aud plain,
 The soaring eagle flies,
 Which I might see were I to roam
 Afar from thee, my childhood's home.

But while the hills around me raise
 Their wooded slopes on high,
 Where wild birds strive, in joyous lays,
 Each other to outvie,
 I've joys I prize too much to roam
 Afar from thee, my childhood's home.

The glens I've trod from boyhood's time
 Elsewhere I should not see,
 Nor could earth's most enchanting clime
 Yield aught so dear to me,
 As are the friends with whom I roam
 The hills around my childhood's home.

And yonder, too, my parents lie
 Beneath the yew tree's shade ;
 And there I hope, whene'er I die,
 To have my ashes laid ;
 So nought shall lure me now to roam
 Afar from thee, my childhood's home.

The Contrast.

A WINTER NIGHT'S DREAM.

On a rough winter's night, when the stormy winds blew,
 'Till the tiles from the top of my lone dwelling flew,
 And against my frail lattice came pouring amain,
 The big, hurrying drops of the storm-driven rain,
 I sat all alone, by a log fire bright,
 Reading page after page, with increasing delight—
 For my soul was enthralld' by the stern poet's spell—
 Of Dante's appalling depiction of hell ;
 But, aweary at last of the terrible theme,
 I fell fast asleep, and I had a strange dream.
 I dreamt that there came to my old easy chair
 A being of beauty surpassingly rare,
 Whose radiant form enraptur'd my sight
 As she stood in the midst of a halo of light ;

For the beams of her eyes were as bright and as mild,
 As the beams of pure joy in the eyes of a child ;
 And her tresses descended, in raven-hu'd rings,
 O'er the folds of her robes and the plumes of her wings ;
 While on a gemm'd fillet, her temples around,
 In letters of gold, on a bright azure ground,
 This beautiful legend of charity ran :—

“ EACH MAN SHOULD BE KIND TO HIS OWN FELLOW MAN.”

And she said in a voice, whose sweet silvery sound
 'Twere a joy to have follow'd, the wide world around—
 “ Come, leave for awhile your old easy arm chair,
 And follow me on through the regions of air ;
 And scenes you shall see near the place where you dwell,
 As absorbing as are the sad tales poets tell.
 Then, drawing me near to her radiant form,
 She bore me away through the wild, raging storm—
 O'er cottage and homestead, forest and plain,
 And across a broad stream near an ivy-clad fane,
 Where it foam'd up and chaf'd with a passionate motion,
 At the bridge that impeded its course to the ocean ;
 And o'er the cold graves of the churchyard lone,
 And the meadows and valleys with water o'erflown.
 Then, rapidly gliding along, we went
 O'er a rich man's domain, of a wide extent,
 Where the tall pines bent down to the pitiless gale,
 As it hurried along with a dismal wail,
 And made in the oaks as deafening a roar,
 As the raging waves make on a rock-bounded shore ;
 And whilst lost in amaze that so pelting a storm,
 Should not affect me, or my guide's fragile form,
 I found myself placed in a brilliant room,
On a rich carpet wove in an apt Turkish loom,

Where on ottoman, couch, and on deftly-carv'd chair,
 Were seated the wealthy, the gay, and the fair,
 Whose bright forms shone back from the mirrors tall,
 That, glittering, hung on the tapestried wall,
 While their ears were regal'd with a beautiful lay
 That told of true love in a land far away.
 When away the last notes of the sweet song had died,
 In a sorrowful voice thus began my fair guide— .
 “ I have wafted you here to show you the way
 In which owners of wealth oft unthinkingly play
 Their own pleasant parts in the drama of life,
 While want and affliction around them are rife.
 These gentlemen brave, and these ladies fair,
 Have just left a board on which viands most rare
 Were spread in a manner most lavishly vain ;
 For the vineyards of France, and the valleys of Spain,
 The sea and the homestead, the forest and field,
 Their produce to grace it were all made to yield ;
 And now here, where all is most brilliant and bright,
 Away they will pass the remains of the night,
 With music and song, and sweet social glee,
 While their hearts from all sorrow and care are free ;
 And they have not a thought of the want and the woe
 That exist in the homes of the village below.
 But their joys will be dy'd with a guilt-tinted stain
 While such want and such woe shall unheeded remain.”
 Then she drew me again near her radiant form,
 And bore me away through the pitiless storm ;
 And, as quick as a prayer mounts up to God's throne,
 Or His mercy to penitent sinners is shown,
 I was wafted away to a cold, cheerless room,
 Where all was misery, sorrow, and gloom,

Where a wretched man lay on a bed of pain,
 And a wife to console him was trying in vain ;
 While a grate without fire, and a rushlight pale,
 Of the bitterest want were proclaiming a tale.
 "The sick man who lies there" said my beautiful guide,
 "With none of a sick man's needs supplied,
 Spent the prime of his life in tilling the soil
 Of rich men, who paid ill for his wearisome toil,
 While they dwelt in such homes as I show'd you to-night—
 Where all was most beautiful, joyous, and bright ;
 And now sickness and pain have his arms unnerv'd,
 He is left as you see by those whom he serv'd.
 Then over his pallet she hovering flew,
 While his life's latest breath in deep anguish he drew ;
 And his agoniz'd wife, in alarm and dismay,
 Bent, sorrowing, over his soulless clay."
 "He is dead?" she exclaim'd, with a soul-searching scream
 That ended at once both my sleep and my dream,
 But I shall not have dreamt, or have told it, in vain,
 If it move but one heart to alleviate pain.

To Clare.

A little while, and I shall be
 Fated to dwell afar from thee,
 Our wild wood haunts no more to see,

My Clare.

To part from one I've lov'd so long,
 Of bitter thoughts calls up a throng,
 Whose only vent is mournful song,

My Clare.

Unfeeling words, from hearts of stone,
 Life's dearest dreams have all o'erthrown,
 And I was left to weep alone,

My Clare.

But thou wert near ! to thee I came,
 Thy soothing sympathy to claim,
 And hear sweet Hope's inspiring name,

My Clare.

But now 'tis mine henceforth to dwell
 Where no heart is that loves me well,
 The woes I fear no tongue can tell,

My Clare.

When I am sad, when all looks drear,
 And Life's storms fill my heart with fear,
 Thy cheering voice I shall not hear,

My Clare.

When Care's wild waves around me roll,
 Thou'l not be near to soothe my soul,
 Though thou alone canst them control,

My Clare.

No more must I now mix among
 The gay, the beautiful, and young,
 O'er whom fair Hope's bright beams are flung,

My Clare.

For should I see dark tresses flow,
 O'er outraged Feeling's fiery glow,
 My soul would feel the keenest woe,

My Clare.

For then my thoughts would fly to thee ;
 By Fancy's aid I then should see
 Thy form—for ever lost to me !—

My Clare.

Farewell to the Wye.

Farewell to thee, enchanting Wye !
 The day is drawing near
 When I must bid thy banks good bye,
 For banks not half so dear :
 A troubled life's most happy hours
 'Mid thy sweet scenes I've past ;
 But, like the best of earth's frail dowers,
 Their fate was not to last.
 And now I'm doom'd to leave again
 The streamlet and the dell ;
 To bid adieu to hill and plain,
 In trade's base marts to dwell ;
 But all the gold, and all the gain,
 From Calpe to the pole,
 Their treach'rous lures might spread, in vain,
 To wean from thee my soul.
 Whene'er I roam the Avon's side,
 Or on its banks recline,
 I oft shall wish its turbid tide
 Could be exchang'd for thine.
 Thy banks are free from traffic's stains ;
 Thy waters clear and bright ;
 In wand'ring o'er thy flow'r-clad plains
 There's rapture and delight ;

And sweet it is, at eventide,
 By Belmont's wooded shores,
 To see the light skiffs gaily glide,
 And hear the dash of oars.
 The letter'd bard may strike his lyre
 In teeming Tempe's praise ;
 But, blest with thee, I've no desire
 On Tempe's vale to gaze.
 That classic land is doubtless fair ;
 Has charms that glad the eye ;
 But none that I will e'er compare
 With thine, bright, bounding Wye.
 Then fare-thee-well, enchanting stream !
 Where'er my footsteps roam,
 My noonday thought, my midnight dream,
 Will be of thee and home.

When We Were Young at Home.

I'm growing old, I'm growing old,
 My hair is ting'd with gray ;
 In search of pleasure, fame, and gold,
 I've worn my life away ;
 And standing on a foreign shore,
 I gaze o'er ocean's foam,
 And ponder on the days of yore,
 When we were young at home.

I see again, in Fancy's realm,
 The homestead by the gorge,
 And, down below the ivied elm,
 I hear the roaring forge ;

While fondly on the hills I gaze
 O'er which we used to roam,
 In buoyant youth's unclouded days,
 When we were young at home.

I see again the old fireside,
 Where tale, and dance, and tune,
 Made winter's long dark evenings glide
 Away from us too soon ;
 And hear the old familiar lays
 Come floating o'er the foam,
 My sisters sang in bygone days,
 When we were young at home.

And could I but recall youth's time,
 Bring back its joys anew,
 I would not leave my native clime
 Such phantoms to pursue ;
 For in a long and gay career,
 Beyond the ocean's foam,
 My heart has known no joys so dear,
 As those it knew at home.

The Preference.

I love to roam a calm, secluded dell,
 Where all the softest charms of nature dwell,
 When from the hills around, wood-crown'd and high,
 Fair Spring-time's tuneful rills go glancing by,
 And fleets of clouds, as white as ocean's foam,
 Serenely sail the sky's expanded dome ;
 While in the oak the joyous mavis sings,
 And every wood and grove with music rings.

I love to stand upon a high hill's crest,
 And watch the sun sink in the glowing west,
 Casting his beams, in floods of gorgeous light,
 O'er forest, valley, rock, and river bright;
 While fields of golden corn, on every plain,
 Proclaim full-handed Harvest near again ;
 For, while the eye roves o'er a scene so fair,
 The gladden'd heart throws off its load of care.

I love to pace a forest wild and lone,
 When evening's sombre shades are o'er it thrown,
 And through the tall trees' tops, with moanings drear,
 The ruthless wind pursues its wild career,
 Bearing from many a bending bough and spray
 Its robes of soft autumnal hues away ;
 While hosts of dying leaves around me cast,
 Are types of those whose earthly hopes are past.

I love to ride upon the foaming ocean,
 When the huge billows toss in wild commotion,
 While overhead the thunder peals aloud,
 And the bright lightning darts from cloud to cloud,—
 When through the cordage strong the wild wind raves,
 As the ship reels amid the seething waves,
 And every mind is rapt in holy awe
 Of Him who gives the raging storm its law.

But most of all I love a mournful lay,
 Whose sad and plaintive notes the feelings sway,
 As from a gentle maiden's tongue they fall,
 In streams of sound that hold the ear in thrall,

Till Pity's pure, celestial tear is found
 Gemming the moisten'd eyes of all around ;
 And young hearts learn to sympathise with those
 O'er whom a stormy sea of sorrow flows.

For such entralling lays my sister sung,
 When greedy Death's dark shades around her hung ;—
 When she in vain essay'd the tears to hide
 That fill'd her eyes with their unwelcome tide,
 As with a sad and grief-o'erladen heart
 She saw all girlhood's golden dreams depart,
 And her pale, wasting cheek's bright hectic glow
 Proclaim'd the advent near of my first woe.

To Our Lady of Consolation.

When by the ills of life dismay'd,
 I pine in sorrow, pain, and care,
 And deem the crosses on me laid
 More weighty than my soul can bear ;
 From thy dear Son for me obtain
 Grace to be meek, resign'd, and calm,
 Until my soul He fills again
 With radiant hope's consoling balm ;
Consolatrix Affictorum !

When sable doubts, obscuring fogs,
 Infernal powers around me spread,
 While dark distrust my footsteps clogs,
 And makes me insecurely tread

The path that to my soul's home leads ;
 To mercy's God my woes recount,
 And gain assistance for my needs
 From His compassion's gushing fount ;
 Consolatrix Affictorum !

When retrospectively I gaze,
 With pale dismay and trembling fear,
 Upon the sins of bygone days ;
 Until my soul is drawing near
 To fell despair's black river's verge ;
 Before Thy Son's effulgent throne,
 For me thy potent pleadings urge,
 Lest in its waves I be o'erthrown ;
 Consolatrix Affictorum !

When in life's last appalling hour,
 Hell's fiends their final efforts try
 To bring me 'neath their blighting power,
 And freight with fear my heart's last sigh,
 Pray Thy Almighty Son to yield
 A glorious guard of angels bright,
 From their assaults my soul to shield,
 And bear it to the realms of light ;
 Consolatrix Affictorum !



To an Apprehensive Soul.

Thy tenement will soon be laid
 In the cold earth of the lone grave :
 Yet thou of Death seem'st sore afraid,
 And shudd'rest as yon dark yews wave.
 But, timorous soul, this must not be ;
 The fears of Death are not for thee.
 Thou should'st rejoice to quit the clay,
 Whose burden all thy peace destroys ;
 Thou'l't then be free to soar away
 To realms whose bliss no care alloys.
 Mistrustful soul ! canst thou not see
 How great a boon Death is to thee ?
 Thou'l't see again thy playmates young—
 The friends of boyhood's thoughtless time—
 Who o'er life's path a bright hue flung
 It ne'er has known in manhood's prime.
 Then, drooping soul, be gay and glad ;
 There's nought in Death to make thee sad.
 The joys of Time for thee are past ;
 Nor hast thou here of hope a ray ;
 By callous hearts aside thou'rt cast,
 To all life's direst ills a prey.
 But, anxious soul, have thou no fear ;
 Though scorn'd by man, to God thou'rt dear.
 Thou'st borne a bitter load for years ;
 On thee, in showers, Fate's arrows fall,
 And make thy world a vale of tears,
 O'er which there hangs Despair's dark pall.
 Then be thou glad, poor, weary soul ;
 Thou'l't soon be past Time's stern control.

To the Bells of St. Michael's Tower, Belmont,
near Hereford.

Sweet Bells ! although so newly hung,
'Tis meet your praises should be sung
In verse melodious, bland, and sweet,—
Such as your own tongues well might greet ;
So shall the Muse strain every power,
To hymn thy Bells,—Saint Michael's Tower !

You call, sweet Bells, at dawn of day,
Grave, thoughtful monks to rise and pray ;—
The pictur'd cloisters soon are trod,
And prayer and praise ascend to God.
Well may we love you then, sweet Bells,
Since in your tones such rich power dwells.

Three times each day, on wings of air,
You waft the Angelus' call to prayer ;
The mother then, within her home,—
No fairer sight 'neath Heaven's dome,—
Calls sinless children round her knees,
And little lips learn God to please.

The fisher too, by Wye's bright wave,
Bethinks him he's a soul to save,—
Lays down upon the grass his rod,
And joins that world-known plea to God.
O'er tired toilers, in the field,
Your soothing influence you wield,
And make them feel, 'mid pain and care,
The healing force of fervent prayer ;

O'er souls sunk down on life's rough road,—
 Suffering of lasting woes the goad,—
 You throw, at times, your potent spells,
 Saying in Heaven that their peace dwells ;
 And then they lift their loads again,—
 Knowing they bear them not in vain ;
 Such is the oft-recurring power,
 That thy bells have,—Saint Michael's Tower !

Long will we love you then, sweet Bells !
 For there's a power within you dwells
 To help us now our souls to save,
 Then toll us to a well-earn'd grave.

Thoughts.

Knee-deep in gorse, with bloom o'erspread,
 Green velvet moss beneath the tread ;
 With thrifty bees the wild flowers shake ;
 The streamlets waves sweet music make ;
 The hawthorn's scent is on the breeze ;
 From hedgerows, copses, groves, and trees
 Come joyous birds untiring strains,
 And May in floral richness reigns.

How fair must Heaven be !

Bright is the skies unclouded dome ;
 Bright flowers adorn each cottage home ;
 Bright glow the dewdrops on the grass ;
 Bright are the streams as molten glass ;

Bright is the bloom-o'erspangl'd plain—
 Bright, too, the village church's vane,
 And bright the plumage of the jay,
 For purely bright is this bright day.

How bright must Heaven be !

Cloud-shadows fleck the far sea's breast—
 Where all its blue waves seem at rest—
 While proudly o'er it strong ships glide
 With snowy canvas open wide,
 As if defying gale or storm,
 Their strength to quell, their grace deform,
 While in among the weed-tress'd rocks,
 Foam wavelets play in laughing flocks.

How calm must Heaven be !

Upon a high cliff's crest I stand—
 By ocean airs my brows are fann'd,
 Here, from the black rocks far below,
 Come up the vex'd waves moanings slow—
 While high in air, a goodly sight,
 Grey seagulls soar in lordly flight.
 Down now they sink, the billows skim,
 And sail away in distance dim.

How grand must Heaven be !



The Life of a Foam-bell.

By the fall of a spray from a bloom-laden thorn,
 At the foot of a rapid mill-race it was born,
 Where it play'd for awhile in the eddies ;
 Then, as buoyant and free,
 As a child in its glee,
 Darted swiftly away down a glen wild and lone,
 Where the dark alder's shade o'er the wavelets is thrown,
 Till it came to a mead,
 And went slower in speed,
 Where the stream its rapidity steadies.
 There, through sedges and reeds,
 And thick masses of weeds,
 Its slow way safely wound,
 Till its frail form it found
 Once again in a race swift and strong,
 On whose surface most bright,
 As the thistle's down light,
 It was rapidly hurried along
 Through a valley whose beauties enrapture the sight,
 And launch'd on the Wye, broad, abounding, and bright.
 Then it sail'd on its way
 Down through meads brightly gay,
 Where fair flocks of glad sheep, and large herds of sleek kine,
 Were browsing in peace on the grass rich and fine,
 Or enjoying the shade of the oak and the pine ;
 While calm cottage homes, and old ivy-rob'd fanes,
 Were dotted about o'er the hills and the plains ;
 And on through fair scenes where the eye gladly roves
 O'er fields of green corn and thick hazel-wood groves,
 While borne up aloft on his strong-pinion'd wings
 His lays of delight the glad lark loudly sings.

Then, having arriv'd at a bird-haunted steep,
 Anear whose green base the bright, spotted trout leap,
 And pure hearts of pure joy golden harvests may reap,
 It caught hold of a spray,
 And intended to stay,
 Were the sounds and the sights were as soft and as fair
 As ever beguil'd a sad heart of its care,
 Or delighted a mind with imaginings rare.
 But disturb'd by the stroke
 Of a wandering water-bird's wing,
 By whose sharp and shrill cries
 Of alarm and surprise
 All the valleys around were made ring,
 From its moorings it broke—
 Went the river adown
 Till it came to a town,
 Where soon it was struck by a boatman's oar,
 And sank in the waves—to emerge never more.

To a Crucifix.

FROM THE FRENCH OF LAMARTINE.

Yes ! Thee I had from her expiring breast,
 With her departing breath and last adieu.
 Twice holy type ! A dying hand's bequest,
 My Saviour's image too.

What tears have on Thy feet their traces made,
 Since, from the martyr's breast where Thou didst lie,
 Thou wert into my trembling hands conveyed,
 Warm with her latest sigh.

Around her couch their light tall tapers shed ;
 The priest read out those solemn prayers of death,
 Sweet as the notes that o'er an infant's head
 Float in a mother's breath.

Of heavenly hope her brow still wore the trace ;
 While on her face, most beautiful to see,
 Soul-piercing pain had left its mystic grace,
 And Death its majesty.

The breeze that sported with her uncurb'd hair,
 By turns display'd and veil'd her features grave,
 As o'er a monument of marble fair,
 The cypress' shadows wave.

One of her arms hung from the bed of death,
 Bent back the other to her heart lay near,
 Seeming to seek, to kiss with her last breath,
 Her Saviour's image dear.

Her lips half op'd to press it once again ;
 But, in that kiss divine, her gentle soul
 Its happy flight away from earth had ta'en
 And gain'd its heavenly goal.

Such deep and nameless grief came over me,
 I did not dare approach her ashes dear ;
 For they to me, in Death's mute majesty,
 So holy did appear.

I did not dare. The priest my thoughts saw through,
 And, from her icy fingers, bringing me
 What now I hold :—“ There's hope and memory too ;
 Take them,” he said, “ with thee.”

Yes, thou art mine, O mournful heritage !
 Full seven times since then the tree I set
 Upon her grave has chang'd its foliage ;
 But thou art with me yet.

The gloom of Death's dark journey to dispel,
 From earth to heaven her thoughts to turn away,
 Consoler, on whose wounds my lips oft dwell,
 To her what didst thou say ?

Thou knewest how to die. Thy sad tears, too,
 On that dread night when Thou didst vainly pray,
 Water'd the olive trees that round Thee grew,
 From night till morning grey.

May, through Thy death, the grace to me be shown
 Of breathing on Thy breast life's parting sigh ;
 When my last hour shall come, think of Thine own,
 And teach me how to die.

I'll seek the place where, just before she died,
 Her last adieu she breathed upon Thy feet ;
 And then she'll come my wandering soul to guide
 Where it its God may meet.



Remembrances.

FROM THE FRENCH OF CHATEAUBRIAND.

How sweet it is in thought to roam
 Back to our happy childhood's home !
 What joys, sweet sister, once were mine
 In France with thee !
 My own dear land ! for ever thine
 My love shall be.

Remember'st thou how mother dear,
 Seated our happy fireside near,
 Would press us with maternal bliss
 Upon her breast,
 While on her cheeks full many a kiss
 We fondly press'd ?

Does Fancy to thy sight restore
 The grey old castle by the Dore ?
 And does there in thy memory dwell
 The Moor's old tower,
 From which, at morning's dawn, the bell
 Proclaim'd the hour ?

Back to thy mind dost thou still bring
 The lake fann'd by the swallow's wing ?
 And the mild breeze that gently bent
 The reedlets slight,
 While down to rest the broad sun went
 In splendour bright ?

Remember'st thou the gentle maid
 With whom the woods and meads I stray'd,
 Culling, with pleasure pure and true,
 The blossoms sweet
 That in uncultur'd beauty grew
 Around our feet ?

Oh ! who my Helen will restore ?—
 My mountain and my oak-tree hoar ?
 Their memory makes my heart repine
 Each day I see.
 My own dear land ! for ever thine
 My love shall be.

A Child's Morning Hymn.

FROM THE FRENCH OF LAMARTINE.

O God ! to whom our prayers ascend,
 Whose aid on bended knee we claim,
 And at whose high and holy name
 Her head I see my mother bend !

They say the sun, so grandly bright,
 Of Thy vast power is but a sport,
 And far beneath Thy glorious court
 Shines like a lamp of rosy light.

They say the birds of bush and tree
 Are made by Thee in joy to live ;
 And that Thou dost to children give
 A soul to know Thy power and Thee.

They say the flowers come from Thee,
 That deck the garden and the field ;
 And that the fruits our orchards yield,
 Without Thy aid we should not see.

All things on earth are call'd to share
 The gifts Thy goodness freely gives ;
 And not the meanest insect lives
 Without Thy all-protecting care.

On spring's soft grass the young lamb feeds ;
 The goat finds food on mountains high ;
 And from my cup the thirsty fly
 Draws up the drops of milk it needs.

The lark the scatter'd grain collects
 The gleaner leaves among the weeds ;
 The sparrow near the winnower feeds ;
 The child a mother's care protects.

And if the gifts we wish to claim,
 By Thee spread out before our sight,
 At morning's dawn, mid-day, and night,
 What must we do !— Call on Thy name.

My lips, O God, pronounce Thy name !—
 A name the hosts of heaven fear !
 A child's weak voice Thou deign'st to hear
 Where angel choirs Thy praise proclaim.

They say Thou lov'st the prayers that flow
 From children's lips to Heaven's throne ;
 Because an innocence we own
 Of which ourselves we nothing know.

They say that childhood's artless praise,
 From children's lips, to Thee is dear ;
 For angels dwell Thy bright throne near,
 Whom we are like in many ways.

Since, then, our prayers have power to speed
 To Thee in Heaven's bright realms of light,
 I'll ask of Thee morn, noon, and night,
 The gifts I see that others need.

O God ! the failing springs renew ;
 The wild bird give its plumage bright,
 The bounding lamb its vesture white ;
 The teeming plains cool shade and dew.

Give health the sick man's heart to glad ;
 The beggar poor his dole of bread ;
 A roof to shield the orphan's head ;
 And freedom to the captive sad.

A father good, who does Thy will,
 To all Thy little children give ;
 And grant me wisdom so to live
 That joy my mother's heart may fill.

Though but a child, good let me be,
 Like Him among the doctors wise,
 On whom each morn I cast my eyes
 As from the wall he smiles on me.

Make justice of my soul a part ;
 Let truth to me be always dear ;
 And cause, with humbleness and fear,
 Thy word to ripen in my heart.

And let my prayers ascend to Thee
 Like incense sweet, that slowly burns
 Within the shining silver urns
 Swung by the hands of those like me.



In Sadness to the Sea.

Again, sad sea, I am at large
 To rove along thy wave-wash'd marge
 As oft I rov'd in days of yore ;
 But joys once mine are mine no more.
 No more 'tis mine thy waves to cleave,
 But 'mid thy rocks sad lays to weave ;
 For now my limbs are nerveless grown,
 As the rent weeds around me thrown.
 Moan on, moan on, sad sea !

Thy lovely coves, in years gone by,
 I trod with sister Brenda nigh ;
 And as their rocks rang with her lays,
 Whose meed was my o'ervalu'd praise,
 With joy-born light her eyes would shine,
 And bring responsive fire to mine ;
 But Death surpris'd her o'er the wave,
 And now she fills an alien grave ?
 Moan on, moan on, sad sea !

On Eaglemount's aspiring crest
 'Twas mine, at will, to lie and rest,
 To watch fair sea-gulls skim the wave,
 And in its spray their white wings lave ;

But now along its base I roam
 While gazing on thy shifting foam,
 And wondering why the golden past
 Was deem'd too fair and bright to last.

Moan on, moan on, sad sea !

Why, then, should I still wish to live ?
 No joy to me this world can give,
 Youth's golden dreams have left my brain,
 And manhood's schemes have all prov'd vain.
 Of cureless ills the victim now,
 Beneath Fate's frown I'm doom'd to bow,
 And linger on in pain and care
 While all around seems bright and fair.

Moan on, moan on, sad sea !

Well may I, then, desire to die,
 Since here I can but live to sigh
 Beneath a mighty load of grief,
 To which sweet hope lends no relief.
 My days are spent in such deep woe
 As earth's poor pilgrims rarely know,
 And gladly, to escape their gloom,
 I'd seek a refuge in the tomb.

Moan on, moan on, sad sea !

When life is o'er the hand of God
 May lay aside the scourge and rod,
 May take from out my wounded heart
 His anger's purifying dart,

And place me in those realms of joy
 Whose peerless bliss knows no alloy ;
 And my worn soul at last may rest
 Amid the legions of the blest.

Cease, cease to moan, sad sea !

—
The Dying Flower.

FROM THE FRENCH OF MILLEVOIE.

Poor dying flower ! bent, torn, and lone—
 Erewhile thou wert the valley's pride ;
 Now o'er the earth thy petals glide,
 Wherever by the breeze they're blown.

Death's scythe cuts down both me and thee ;
 The same God's will we both obey ;
 A leaf from thy stem flies away ;
 A long-lov'd joy abandons me.

Unpausing Time, day after day,
 Steals some old passion or delight ;
 And not a moment wings its flight
 But bears from both some charm away.

“ Which life is fleetest and most frail,”
 In pensivemood man well may say,—
 As all his day dreams fade away,
 “ Mine, or the flower's that decks the vale ? ”

Mary Stuart's Farewell.

FROM THE FRENCH OF BERANGER.

Farewell ! my dear, adopted clime !
 Thy memory's shrine my heart shall be ;
 Sweet cradle of my childhood's time,
 Farewell ! 'tis death to part from thee.

Fair France ! where I no more may dwell—
 Bright skies that I no more may see—
 Hear Mary Stuart's last farewell,
 And let her ne'er forgotten be.
 Calm blows the breeze, we leave the land,
 And God, regardless of my sighs,
 To bear me back to thy dear strand,
 Makes not the waves in anger rise.

Farewell ! my dear, adopted clime !
 Thy memory's shrine my heart shall be ;
 Sweet cradle of my childhood's time,
 Farewell ! 'tis death to part from thee.

When in a cherish'd people's gaze,
 Rejoic'd I wore thy lilies bright,
 My lofty rank claim'd less of praise
 Than did my budding beauty's light.
 For Scotland's throne I do not care—
 Its splendour will to me be vain :
 My only wish a crown to wear
 Was that I might in French hearts reign.

Farewell! my dear, adopted clime !
 Thy memory's shrine my heart shall be ;
 Sweet cradle of my childhood's time,
 Farewell ! 'tis death to part from thee.

Of glory, love, and genius bright,
 The charms, erewhile, my pathway strew'd ;
 But me they will no more delight
 In Caledonia cold and rude.
 I feel, alas ! a presage drear,
 From which my heart I cannot free ;
 For in a dream I saw appear
 A scaffold black prepar'd for me.

Farewell ! my dear, adopted clime !
 Thy memory's shrine my heart shall be ;
 Sweet cradle of my childhood's time.
 Farewell ! 'tis death to part from thee.

The Stuart's child, beloved France !
 Immers'd in sorrows, woes, and fears,
 Will turn to thee her faithful glance
 As in this day of grief and tears.
 But now, O God ! the vessel sails
 Too swiftly on to other skies,
 And night with misty mantle veils
 Thy distant shores from these dim eyes.

Farewell ! my dear, adopted clime !
 Thy memory's shrine my heart shall be ;
 Sweet cradle of my childhood's time,
 Farewell ! 'tis death to part from thee.

The Withered Leaf.

FROM THE FRENCH OF A. V. ARNAULT.

Poor withered leaf ! where dost thou go ?
 Torn from thy parent stem away.
 " My future course I do not know ;
 A wild storm laid for ever low
 The oak that was my only stay.

Since that old tree on earth has lain,
 The gentle breeze or mighty gale,
 Has borne me on, through sun and rain,
 From forest dark to open plain,—
 From barren hill to fruitful vale.

Without complaint, distrust, or grief,
 I go where by the winds I'm cast—
 Where go all earth's possessions brief—
 Where both the rose and laurel leaf
 Will have to go like me at last."

Lincluden Grange.

This peaceful grange, this peaceful grange,
 How pure are all its joys !
 Safe anchor'd here, no more I'll range,
 Misled by Fame's decoys.
 No pleasures base now round me flock,
 No contrasts rude my senses shock,
 And no cold hearts my sorrows mock
 With ill-tim'd mirth and noise.

How yonder fragile flowers crave
 The mid-day sun's bright rays !
 Yet not a beam in which they wave
 But on their beauty preys.
 As eager once I crav'd the beams
 That Hope sent forth in splendid streams,
 While I delighted wove the dreams
 Of youth's confiding days.

Now here, and down in yon fair vale,
 Life's aimless lees I'll spend ;
 At men unjust no more I'll rail,
 With them no more contend ;
 And when impartial Death draws nigh
 I'll yield my breath without a sigh,
 Nor e'en to ward his dart I'll try,
 For that life's cares will end.

Birthday Thoughts told to a Bunch of Wild Flowers.

Fair-fated gems of radiant May,
 In beauties bright abound to-day !
 For she, for whom your charms, I prize
 Has dwelt beneath Columbian skies,
 And far beyond the rolling main
 Has looked on many a flower-clad plain :
 Has seen full many a glorious sight,
 Where all was splendour, life, and light.
 And, one of earth's high-favour'd daughters,
 Has gazed on grand Niagara's waters ;

Has watched the rainbow in their spray
 Form, shine, and slowly fade away ;
 And view'd the thousand gorgeous tints
 That Autumn on the leaves imprints,
 Of forest vast and island lone,
 Where beauty is o'er all things thrown.

But God's benign, almighty power
 She sees in cataract, leaf, and flower,
 And will not coldly turn away
 From beatties that wild blooms display,
 Fresh gathered by a friendly hand,
 In this her own dear fatherland,
 And offered on her Natal day,
 A tribute meet for peerless May.

Go, then, sweet blooms of lawn and lea,
 And types unerring may you be
 Of all her life's ensuing years—
 Undimm'd by sorrows, doubts, or fears.
 Uncloying be her pleasures all,
 Her friendships fairly free from gall ;
 Most sweet her home's absorbing ties,
 Bright every scene that meets her eyes ;
 And when life's close entails the tomb,
 May she in heaven a bright flower bloom.



The Captive.

FROM THE FRENCH.

Gentle swallow so gay,
 Fleetly winging thy way
 By the bars of my cell,
 Play about without fear,
 For thy form to see near,
 Is a sight I love well.

Thou art fair to the view,
 In thy robes of jet hue,
 When the breezes upblow,
 On thy beautiful breast,
 Like a foaming waves crest,
 Thy fair corsage of snow.

Who hast sent thee, fair thing,
 Such sweet pleasure to bring
 To a captive forlorn ?
 Dost thou come, swallow gay,
 From the mountains away,
 Near to which I was born ?

Hast thou left, to come here,
 The land distant and dear
 That to me is deni'd ?
 Let me know, my fair bird,
 All the news thou hast heard
 Of our lowly fireside.

Dost thou skim the vale still,
 Where, when Morn mounts the hill,
 Her fair form she may glass
 In the radiant spheres
 That depend, like pale tears,
 From the trees and the grass ?

Does the moss that grows there
 Grow as green and as fair
 As it once used to grow ?
 And the mellow horn sound
 Through the still woods around
 As it did long ago ?

Through those woods of dark pine
 Goes a mother of mine
 To the church in the dell,
 When the echoes around
 Are awoke by the sound
 Of the Angelus bell ?

Do my old friends who dwell
 In that dearly-lov'd dell,
 All their days in peace spend ?
 Do the hawthorn trees still
 At the top of the hill
 'Neath their snowy blooms bend ?

And does she whom I love,
 Like a desolate dove,
 Pine in sorrow and woe ?

But, my beautiful bird,
Let her name not be heard,
Save in whisperings low.

But now dark grow the skies,
And the wind's hollow sighs
 Of a coming storm tell ;
My poor bird, 'twill be cold,
So come quickly and fold
 Thy fleet wings in my cell.

No ; thou fliest away
And no longer wilt stay
 My mind's gloom to destroy ;
But depart ! for on earth
There is nought of such worth
 As is Liberty's joy.

The Song of the Cossack.

FROM THE FRENCH OF BERANGER.

Come forth, my steed ! my gallant steed !
 The Cossack's noble friend,
And to the Northern trumpet's call
 Thine ear delighted lend.
For spoil and pillage be thou prompt,
 Intrepid in attack ;
Lend wings of speed to woe and death,
 And me thy brawny back.

No gold shines on thy saddle-tree,
 No gold shines on thy rein ;
 But soon for both by daring deeds,
 We'll bright adornments gain.
 Then proudly neigh, my faithful steed !
 Till all around thee rings ;
 Thou soon shalt plant thy crushing hoofs
 On peoples, peers, and kings.

Departing now for other climes,
 Peace leaves to me thy reins ;
 The bulwarks strong of Europe old,
 Lie crumbling on her plains.
 Come then, that I of gold and gems
 May grasp a Cossack's part,
 And thou may'st rest beneath the domes,
 Of science, law, and art ;
 And drink again the waves that flow
 Between the broad Seine's banks,
 Where twice already thou hast lav'd
 Thy blood-bedabbled flanks.
 Then proudly neigh, my faithful steed !
 Till all around thee rings ;
 Thou soon shalt plant thy crushing hoofs,
 On peoples, peers, and kings.

The masters of the wealthy West,
 In palace and in hall,
 Beleagur'd by the suff'ring slaves,
 They fain would keep in thrall,

Cry out to us, in wild alarm,
 Their power to defend :
 Content, if they may tyrants be,
 To us as serfs to bēnd.
 Come then, my lance, thy shining point,
 Aside all things shall toss,
 That thwart in our onward way—
 Be they of crown or cross.
 Then proudly neigh, my faithful steed !
 Till all around thee rings ;
 Thou soon shalt plant thy crushing hoofs,
 On peoples, peers, and kings.

The spectre of a giant huge,
 Before me stood one night,
 Fixing upon our bivouac,
 His bright eyes' blazing light,
 And pointing with his battle axe,
 Away towards the West,
 “Again,” he cried, “o'er Europe's plains,
 My sway must be confess'd.”
 Of the brave Huns' immortal king,
 It was the noble shade ;—
 Great spirit of bold Attila !
 Thy voice shall be obey'd.
 Then proudly neigh, my faithful steed,
 Till all around thee rings ;
 Thou soon shalt plant thy crushing hoofs,
 On peoples, peers, and kings.

All Europe's splendour and renown,
Of which she is so proud ;
And all the bootless knowledge too,
With which she is endow'd,
Shall buried be in clouds of dust
Thy clattering feet shall raise,
Careering with unflagging speed,
Along her broad highways.
In this our fast-approaching reign,
We'll ruin, without pause,
Old manors, palaces, and fanes,
Old memories and laws.
Then proudly neigh, my faithful steed !
Till all around thee rings ;
Thou soon shalt plant thy crushing hoofs,
On peoples, peers, and kings.



Ruth.

FROM THE FRENCH OF MADAME GUINARD.

My pretty Ruth ! my rose-bud bright !
 Safe on my bosom laid at last,
 On thee I fix my gladden'd sight,
 For, thanks to all my sufferings past,
 Thou drinkest of the cup of life,
 Making my heart with rapture rife.

Thou liv'st ! and I am fill'd with joy
 As if 'twere happiness to be,
 And life were free from all alloy ;
 Thou liv'st ! and such a boundless sea
 Of nameless bliss o'erwhelms my soul ;
 Its love and hope know no control.

Full soon to life's tempestuous sea
 Must thou thy fragile bark resign ;
 Yet thou from all distrust art free,
 And smil'st as did the Child Divine
 When hovering o'er Him angels flew,
 Halo'd with clouds of silvery hue.

How gently does thy bosom rise !
 How sweet thy placid smile to me !
 What innocence is in thine eyes !
 Dost thou thy friends celestial see,
 Keeping their bright watch o'er thy head
 Lest ills should be around thee spread ?

Dost know that God looks down on thee ?
 And that thy soul's His temple bright ?
 Dost know pure hearts alone can be
 Found fair and pleasing in His sight ?
 And that with love and care benign
 He blesses little heads like thine ?

Can't comprehend why, day and night,
 My thoughts continually should be
 About thy welfare and delight ?
 Or canst with skill sagacious see
 That one of thy engaging smiles
 My heart of all its cares beguiles.

Not thou, not thou ; thy heart still sleeps
 As ignorant as Aurora bright,
 When first up o'er the hills she peeps,
 Of storms that she may meet ere night,
 If sweet smiles on thy fair cheeks glow
 'Tis that the world thou dost not know.

Thou dost not know that luring life,
 Thy young, confiding heart to gain,
 Its threshold makes with beauty rife ;
 And that thy bright eyes copious rain
 Will fall upon a path of gloom
 Whose termination is the tomb.

Thon dost not know, my angel fair,
 That all on earth is fleet and vain,
 All full of suffering tears and care ;
 And that, perchance, thou'l feel the pain
 Of losing her upon whose breast
 Thou'rt taking thy untroubled rest.

Upon thy sweet beatitude
Life's unrelenting storms will break ;
With tears thine eyes will be bedew'd ;
Afflictions sharp will pale thy cheek ;
And ruthless grief its furrows plough
Upon thy smooth and placid brow.

Oh ! fear not I may break thy rest ;
But sleep a sleep no dreams alloy
Upon thy mother's billowing breast.
Yes ! lack of knowledge is thy joy ;
For no hopes yet thy heart beguile,
Nor any fears affect thy smile.



To the Very Rev. Canon Henry Basil Burworth.

ON HIS LEAVING

ST. MICHAEL'S PRIORY, BELMONT, HEREFORDSHIRE,

To assume the dignity of Prior of St. Lawrence's College, Ampleforth,
Yorkshire.

Unstable are the things of earth,
Those soonest lost of rarest worth,
And sorrow treads the heels of mirth,—

Dear, well-beloved Pastor.

So now it is our lot to find,
That we must lose a friend most kind,
Whose name will be in all hearts shrin'd—

Dear, much-regretted Pastor.

To little children, meek and mild,
You gently spoke as child to child,
And mark'd for them paths undefil'd,—

Dear patient-hearted Pastor.

To jaded hearts, on life's rough way,
You joy'd God's mercies to display,
And freed their souls from sore dismay,—

Dear, persevering Pastor.

And when woe's waves storm'd round a soul,
Defying man's or Faith's control,
'Twas yours to stem their ruthless roll,—

Dear, all-enduring Pastor.

To lose you here all hearts must grieve,
But Yorkshire hearts, we well believe,
Will prize you soon like those you leave,—

So, fare-you-well, Good Pastor.

To John Francis Wegg-Broster, Esq.,

ON ATTAINING HIS MAJORITY,

AUGUST 22, 1875.

On this, the threshold of your manhood's life,
 Be yours, in rapid Time's eventful race,
 A happy lot, with God's best blessings rife,—
 A fair, a stainless, and an envied place :
 Your home-life be as calm as are the plains
 Through which erratic Wye's bright waters flow,
 As threading leafy Belmont's broad domains
 They to the far-off ocean glittering go ;
 And as a gallant soldier may you be,—
 Should haply so your Country's cause ordain—
 Stemless as are Wye's waters, fiercely free,
 When in resistless flood they roll amain.
 Whene'er beset by dangers fell and drear,
 On furious battle plain, or wild wave's foam,
 Your safe shield be, though perils all are near,
 The potent prayers of loving hearts at home.
 And when, from all life's joys and cares set free,
 The graceful cypress bends above your grave,
 May yours a spotless and a bright name be
 In the fair annals of the good and brave.



The Outcast.

A few brief years ago his path through life
 Promis'd to be a bright and flower-strewn way ;
 For frank, confiding, gentle, brave and gay,
 The world for him with happiness was rife.
 His kinsmen's doors were always open wide
 To him ; and when they met, on festive nights,
 To drain the bowl, or through the dance to glide,
 No guest more welcome shar'd in their del ghts.

But soon the ruthless storms of life around
 Him burst, and Fortune smil'd on him no more ;
 Then, reft of health, and all his prospects o'er,
 Against him clos'd each Kinsman's door he found ;
 And with a mind to bitter thoughts a prey,
 He left the scenes that he had lov'd so well,
 And bent towards a busy town his way—
 Amid its uncongenial strife to dwell.

Life's battle there he bravely strove to fight,
 Aided and cheer'd by steadfast friends, who sought
 To make his course through life all that he thought
 It would have been, in days of past delight.
 But thick and fast Fate's arrows round him fell,
 And rendered all their generous efforts vain,
 Till in a pining pauper's cheerless cell
 He bore life's heavy load in care and pain.

But He who vestures in their bright array
 The blossoms that the meads with beauty pam,
 And lets the sparrow not unheeded fall,
 Found for him friends, who took him far away

From that abode of gloom to scenes like those
 That in the days of yore he lov'd to roam ;
 Where, safe from all the woes of want, he knows
 The consolations of a peaceful home.

Friends there try hard to sooth his grief and pain
 By telling him the sweet, enchanting tales
 Of Hope ; but all their labour nought avails
 For Time's false lures he will not trust again.
 Yet from his lips no murmers find a way,
 For he has learnt to Heaven's behests to bend,
 And, calmly patient, he awaits the day,
 When all his ills the dart of Death will end.

At Clare's Desire.

The tree-clad top of Dinedor hill
 Smiles o'er the bright swift-flowing Wye,
 Whose waters, fed by brook and rill,
 In silvery sheen go glancing by
 Where countless fields of golden grain
 Await the sturdy reaper's hands,
 And many a distant, timeworn fane
 In solemn sunlit beauty stands ;
 While soaring to the azure skies
 The tops of Cambria's mountains rise.

Some swains hard by, intone a lay
 Of brave deeds wrought on wild waves' foam,
 As in gay mood they wend their way
 To the calm joys of some near home,

The meads below are strewn with flowers,
 Amid which bands of children play,
 Unweeting of the stormy hours
 They'll surely meet through life's rough day ;
 And all things has this teeming vale
 That can the heart or eye regale.

I sing this lay at thy desire ;
 Although the bard, of scenes like this,
 Should own a muse that might aspire
 Of Eden's vale to hynn the bliss.
 Regard it, then, with partial eye,
 And all its feeble faults excuse—
 A theme so grand is far too high
 For the weak wings of my frail muse ;
 And well thou know'st 'tis sung for thee,
 And therefore is, most dear to me.

The saddest heart that ever beat
 Might find some consolation here,
 For all things fair, sublime, and sweet,
 Combine the drooping soul to cheer.
 Hence long I've lov'd the glorious view
 The gazer gains from Linedor's crest,
 When every turn brings beauties new,
 Whose potent spells the eye arrest ;
 But dearer far henceforth 'twill be,
 Now that I've sung its praise for thee.



In Memoriam.

CHARLES MARTIN BIRCH, DIED MAY 10TH, 1860, AGED 22.

As slowly away the inclement Spring wore,
 The Summer I hop'd would his lost health restore ;
 But as Time journey'd on his bright eye would oft shine
 With a lustre that seem'd to be almost divine ;
 And his wasting cheek grew so celestial in hue
 That the hope I had felt from my sad heart withdrew ;
 For Heaven's demands admit not of delay,
 And he died at the end of bloom-prodigal May.
 Having scarcely arriv'd at his manhood's estate,
 He look'd upon life with a spirit elate ;
 And he thought it was hard that he might not engage
 In the heartstirring strife of the world's crowded stage ;
 For influenc'd by Hope, he oft yearn'd to compete
 With those who in life's busy battling meet ;
 But he was not aware it was often a strife
 Where passions unhallow'd were ruthlessly rife.

'Twas a blessing for him that he left us so young,
 While around him his youth's bright illusions all hung ;
 For of sorrow and grief he'd have had a large share
 If on he had liv'd in this sojourn of care ;
 For the pure and warmhearted full often shed tears
 For afflictions unkown to their callous compeers ;
 And the minds of the gifted are fated to know
 All the bitterest pangs of grief, sorrow, and woe.

I mourn'd him as mourn'd him full many a friend ;
 But the grief that I felt has at last found an end ;
 For his brief life had been so unsullied a scene
 Of pleasures home-born, and enjoyments serene,
 That, when I reflect, in the regions of light,
 I feel that he dwells in unbounded delight ;
 And I can no more mourn for a bright, happy soul
 That so early has gain'd its celestial goal.

The Broken Fiddle.

FROM THE FRENCH OF BERANGER.

Come my dog ! my poor friend, fond and trusty,
 Eat away, and heed not my despair ;
 We've a festival cake for to-day left,
 But to-morrow brown bread we must share.

Foreign foes, by their tricks, have o'ercome us,
 And to me, even here, thus they spoke :—
 “ Come play us a dance, my old buffer ! ”
 I refus'd—and my fiddle they broke.

'Twas the fount of the joys of the village !
 And our merriment now is all o'er ;
 For now I no more can awaken
 The tunes that the youngsters adore.

Its eloquent strings' emanations,
 On the morn of each bright wedding day,
 Announc'd to the bride, fluttering-hearted,
 The approach of the bridegroom's array.

To the curés who ventur'd to hear it,
 Less of fear did our merry jigs bring ;
 And the mirth that its stirring strains taught us
 Might have smoothen'd the brow of a king.

Though it led, in our seasons of triumph,
 Songs that told of our victories bright,
 I could ne'er have believ'd that our foemen
 Would have vented upon it their spite.

In the barn, or beneath the trees shadows,
 Now how dull will the Sunday eves go !
 And will God bless the fruits of the vintage
 That no strains of gay music shall know ?

'Twas the soother of labours fatiguing ;
 'Twas the balm of the poor peasant's woes ;
 And for taxes, or blights, or oppressions,
 No solace our village now knows.

'Twas the healer of many a quarrel ;
 'Twas the dryer of tears sorrow-fraught ;
 And such deeds as ne'er sprang from a sceptre
 By its bow's rapid motions were wrought.

But our foes, for the conflict approaching,
 In my breast have war's ardour awoken ;
 And soon shall the sword be supplying
 The place of the fiddle they've broken.

All the friends whom I now leave behind me
 Will exclaim, if I fall in the field :—
 “ He died ere to foemen barbarian
 The delights of his village he'd yield.”

Come, my dog ! my poor friend, fond and trusty :
 Eat away, and heed not my despair ;
 We've a festival cake for to-day left ;
 But to-morrow brown bread we must share.

The Nations' Brotherhood.

FROM THE FRENCH OF BERANGER.

I saw fair Peace upon the earth descend,
 And flowers, and fruit, and corn around her spread ;
 To ruthless War's stern strife she put an end,
 And in a sweet and winning voice she said :—
 “ As noble peers, by martial Valour's right,
 Gaul, Briton, German, Russ, and Belgian stand ;
 Oh ! nations all, in brotherhood unite,
 And clasp each other's hand.
 “ Poor mortal men ! your hate makes life its prey ;
 No more in peaceful sleep you pass the night ;
 Your bounded globe divides some better way ;
 There's room for all beneath the bright sun's light.
 But harness'd fast before the car of might,
 You leave the road that leads to true joy's land.
 Oh ! nations all, in brotherhood unite,
 And clasp each other's hand.
 “ Carnage and strife to neighb'ring lands you bear ;
 The wind's breath fans a conflagration wide ;
 And when the earth regains its aspect fair,
 Your wounded arms can scarce the ploughshare guide ;
 While on the border plains, where armies fight,
 By human blood unstain'd, no cornfields stand.
 O ! nations all, in brotherhood unite,
 And clasp each other's hand.

" Within your towns, while up the red flames mount,
 With saucy sceptre's point potentates dare
 The hapless human souls to mark and count,
 Which bloody War adjudges as their share.
 Weak flocks ! from heavy yokes, impos'd by might,
 You pass, beneath inhuman yokes to stand.
 Oh ! nations all, in brotherhood unite,
 And clasp each other's hand.

" Let not stern Mars arrest his course in vain !
 Found laws to bless each rent and suff'ring state ;
 The crimson tide of life give not again
 To proud, ungrateful kings, or conq'rors great.
 Against the false star's evil influence fight ;
 Their sway, ere long, will wane in ev'ry land.
 Oh ! nations all, in brotherhood unite,
 And clasp each other's hand.

" Free, let the weary world at last respire ;
 Over the past oblivion's thick veil throw ;
 And till your fields, while round you sounds the lyre ;
 For Peace, the arts' incense should burn and glow.
 Your union's fruits, gay Hope, with fingers light,
 Will cull from Plenty's lap in ev'ry land.
 Oh ! nations all, in brotherhood unite,
 And clasp each other's hand."

Thus, wisely, spoke the fair and lovely maid ;
 And many kings heard not her words in vain.
 In spring-like robes the earth was re-array'd,
 And autumn's fruits the Graces brought again.
 Flow, then, good vines of France ! flow clear and bright,
 For stranger guests will soon amid you stand.
 Oh ! may we all in brotherhood unite,
 And clasp each other's hand.

A Metrical Paraphrase of the Prayer of the late

Prince Imperial.

My heart, O God, I give to Thee ;
 Let Faith unswerving be my meed ;
 Where no Faith is no prayer can be,
 And prayer devout is my soul's need.
 The dangers that beset my way,
 Remov'd I would not wish to see ;
 But unto Thee would ever pray
 That victor o'er them I may be.

Disarm'd I would not see my foes,
 But o'er myself a conquest gain ;
 Things so I pray Thee to dispose
 That in my heart my friends may reign ;
 Serenely happy be their days ;
 And if of joy a sum defin'd
 Allotted be for earth's rough ways,
 Be unto Thee my part resign'd.

With joys once mine the worthiest dower ;
 Let my dear friends the worthiest be ;
 And if mankind must feel Thy power,
 Thine anger's arrows fall on me.
 Happy the friends I love, to know
 Misfortune makes with peace be fraught ;
 But joy for me is turn'd to woe
 By one all sad and bitter thought.

That thought, which pains all thoughts above,
 Is that, while happiness is mine,
 Those whom with fervid love I love
 In suffering and affliction pine.
 No more of joy, O God, for me ;
 Remove it from my young life's prime ;
 My only happiness can be
 Obliviousness of bygone Time.

Should I forget those pass'd away,
 On me forgetfulness would fall ;
 And sad's the thought that makes us say :—
 The flight of time effaces all !
 No satisfaction now I seek
 Save that which will for ever live,—
 Save that a soul subdu'd and meek,—
 A conscience calm and clear can give.

Mark out for me, most gracious God,
 The rugged path where duty lies,
 And let that path by me be trod
 Its tired treader though it tries.
 Then, when life's sun's about to set,
 Fearless I on the past may gaze,
 No vain remorse, no void regret,
 Will cloud for me its waning rays.

My soul, henceforth, will peace o'erspread ;
 And grant, O God, I beg of Thee,
 That those I love, and now are dead,
 May all my spirit's workings see ;

And may my life's course such have been
 Their dear approval it may gain ;
 For then, my inmost thoughts all seen,
 No blush my cheek shall e'er distain.

My Olden Haunts.

When busy, bright, transforming May
 Has woven robes for every spray,
 And made the meads and hedgerows gay
 With blossoms fair,
 Amid my youth's old haunts I'll stray,
 Her gifts to share.
 On Dinedor's crest again I'll stand,
 And have my temples once more fann'd
 By breezes from the valleys grand
 That lie below,
 Where, winding through the glorious land,
 Wye's waters flow.
 In woodland shades my limbs I'll lay,
 When golden sunbeams find their way
 Down through the web of bough and spray
 That Nature weaves,
 And perfume-freighted zephyrs play
 Among the leaves.
 I'll wander through the fields again,
 When ev'ry blade of grass and grain
 Is bending 'neath the drops of rain
 Late on it shed ;
 While many a soaring skylark's strain
 Is heard o'erhead.

Again my tired limbs, I'll lave
 In peerless Wye's bright, stainless wave,
 Ere Death shall lay them in the grave
 To waste away,
 Where worms alike on lord and slave
 Impartial prey.

In pensive mood I'll tread again
 The winding, tree-o'erarched lane,
 That leads me, by the village fane,
 To scenes I prize,
 Where swiftly, o'er each teeming plain,
 The cushat flies.

Through quiet wood-bound vales I'll stray,
 When timid hares come out to play,
 And hear the wild bird's vesper lay
 Melodious sound ;
 While Twilight spreads her mantle gray
 O'er all around.

It is a nameless joy to me,
 From busy cities' turmoil free,
 To wander where the burden'd bee
 Goes boooming by ;
 So I again, shall joy to see
 The banks of Wye.



The Young Captive.

FROM THE FRENCH OF ANDRE CHENIER.

“ Undisturb'd by the hook the wheat-ear gains its prime ;
Without fear of the press, through the bright summer time,

The green grape drinks the dew and enjoys the sun's beams ;
I am young like to them, like to them I am fair ;
And though now the sad prey of affliction and care,
Yet I fain would not die in the midst of youth's dreams.

The stern Stoic in death may seek balm for his woes,
But I'll weep and hope on ; while the hurricane blows
To its fury I'll bend ; when 'tis past rise again.

Do not bright days and sad intertwine in life's weft ?
What enjoyment, alas ! no disgust ever left ?

And what sea does there roll where no storms ever reign ?

Wizard Fancy's bright lamp in my mind burns and glows ;
And in vain do the walls of a prison enclose

One whose soul can go forth on Hope's fetterless wings.
Escap'd from the nets of the fowler alert,
With new energy thrilling its pinions unhurt,

Through the fields of the air the wild bird soars and sings.

What need's there for me death's dark voyage to make ?

In calmness I sleep, and in calmness I wake ;

And asleep or awake no remorse on me preys.

A glad welcome at morn in all eyes I can see ;
And the sad looks of those doom'd to dwell here with me,
My gay aspect illumines with joy's wakening rays.

My long journey is still far away from its end ;
Of the green waving branches that o'er the road bend
I have seen but a few my heart's joy to awake.

I have scarcely sat down to the banquet of life ;
 From the cup that I held, where its nectar was rife,
 I have not drunk enough my young lips' thirst to slake.

I am yet in life's spring and its harvest would greet ;
 Like the sun in the sky, till its year is complete,
 From season to season I'd go on my way,
 Budding bright on my stem, the gay garden's delight,
 The first beams of the morn have scarce gladden'd my sight,
 And I fain would live on till the end of the day.

Depart, greedy Death ! for awhile thou canst wait ;
 Depart and console those poor victims of Fate,
 Whose sad hearts are the prey of fear, shame, or despair.
 There are joys that I prize in Minerva's domains ;
 Still the Graces have charms and the Muses their strains ;
 And I wish not to die while their gifts I can share."

Though in bondage I dwell I can still strike the lyre ;
 So hearing these words of complaint and desire,
 As they fell from the lips of a young captive maid,
 And desiring the cares of my heart to disperse,
 I shap'd to the laws of harmonius verse
 The sweet accents in which her mind's thoughts were
 convey'd.

The perusal of strains so affecting as these
 May perchance make some lover of studious ease,
 Wish to know more of her from whose lips they first came.
 With the fairest in beauty and grace she can vie ;
 And all those, like herself, may well wish not to die,
 Whose fair fate it may be her affection to claim.

(Mademoiselle de Coigny, the lady alluded to in the above stanzas, was a fellow prisoner of the poet's during the Reign of Terror, in the prison of Saint Lazare. She was liberated; but the poet died on the scaffold.)

Forty to Nineteen.

A VALENTINE.

Delighted with the graceful lines
 Thy gifted pen to me has written,
 I've thought of thee so much and long,
 And with thy charms I am so smitten,
 That I would fain aspire to be
 Through Life's rough march thy guide protective,
 Where I but joyous, young, and gay,
 Instead of gloomy and reflective.

But now sad Thought has pal'd my brow,
 Now Care has plough'd my cheek with wrinkles,
 And now my hair, once darkly brown,
 Is strewn with Time's prophetic sprinkles,
 Thy beauties bright must bud and bloom
 For those whom fickle Fortune favours,
 Although it galls one to submit
 To such self-confident young shavers.

Yet may some fitter, worthier swain
 With Cupid's shining shafts assail thee,
 And, having won the prize he seeks,
 In pure affection never fail thee ;
 While I pursue life's down-hill road
 Without regret or vain repining,
 For life's spring must from all depart,
 And with life's spring life's valentining.



The Dying Girl.

FROM THE FRENCH OF MADAME ANAIS SEGALAS.

“ Oh ! how shall I escape this fever’s pains ?
 My burning blood bounds madly through my veins ;
 My hands burn too. Am I not very ill ?
 Often, with foreheads bent and downcast eyes,
 You stand and muse ; then whispers and low sighs
 My ears with mystery fill.

And if I make a noise, or turn my head,
 You try to smile, with eyes from weeping red ;
 You’d fain seem gay ; but yet I hear you sigh
 While o’er your beaming brows your sad thoughts leap ;
 And little Jane, on seeing mother weep,
 Runs to my bed to cry.

Your tears have told me all your secret dread ;
 I am about to die !—to join the dead !
 Oh, God ! to fly from death is there no way ?
 What ! in a day I may be stiff and cold !
 Dreaming to-day of life, and joys untold—
 To-morrow, soulless clay !

Unfaded is the gown last fête I wore ;
 Upon the bows that on my head I bore
 The fair and everchanging hues still pause,
 Whose splendour fill’d my heart with such delight ;
 And I must die before the beauties bright
 Of these frail webs of gauze.

I am the hapless plant the storm lays low,
 While you, my sister plants, in beauty grow ;
 'Tis your fair fate to live in youthful bloom,
 While pitiless disease is making me
 So sad and pale, I might be thought to be
 A statue for a tomb.

Yet I, a phantom vain, was much admir'd ;
 And many a heart to gain my smiles aspir'd
 And gladly to my heart's desires would bow.
 Jewels I wore as bright as dewdrops' spheres ;
 And like a diadem my eighteen years
 Sat shining on my brow.

For you, there still remains a future bright ;
 For you, all merry maidenhood's delight ;
 The marriage ring, of which you'll be so proud,
 And the fair blooms that form the young bride's crown ;—
 For me, as nuptial veil and wedding gown,
 The coffin and the shroud.

Pale, gloomy shroud ! low in the silent tomb,
 Where troops of daydreams bright lie hid in gloom,
 Thy slender threads will rot and fall apart ;
 Or else the worm thy texture will destroy—
 Unlifted by the bounding throbs of joy
 That thrill the young wife's heart.

My young form in a coffin must you see ?
 Dead ! What ! must I die ? Oh, it cannot be,
 When all the future's joys before me lie—
 When all the charms of life my thoughts engage.
 Mother ! at only eighteen years of age,
 Surely I shall not die ?

Fain on all Nature's boundless charms I'd feed ;
 The babbling brook, the bloom-bespangled mead,
 The wild bird's song, and skies serenely fair.
 With all my soul I long for glorious life—
 To see it in the golden sunbeams rife,
 And breath it in the air."

In three days time the funeral bell toll'd out ;
 A few pale torches shed their light about
 The holy altar and the gloomy nave ;
 The solemn office of the dead was sung ;
 And then a mournful band of maidens young
 Stood weeping round a grave.

Tamora.

FROM THE FRENCH OF SAINT FELIX.

Tamora, Tamora, to-day thou must speed
 O'er the face of the earth at a rate doubly fleet ;
 I must journey to Cadiz, my beautiful steed,
 So outstrip the north wind with thy fast-moving feet.
 Outstrip the keen wind of the cold eastern fells,
 The soft wind of the west, and the wind that has birth
 On the bright burning plains where the swarthy Moor dwells ;
 Outstrip in thy speed all the winds of the earth.
 On a darker-dy'd head, or a brighter-lit eye,
 No gaze ever dwelt in the kingdom of Spain ;
 And ne'er had a steed bred 'neath Araby's sky
 Such a sure-treading foot or so silky a mane.
 Firm and smooth is thy coat, thy broad black lithe and strong,
 Like a Nubian bow thy neck arches away ;
 And the gazers exclaim as thou dartest along,
 "There's Tamora the swift, the high-mettl'd, and gay."

Bound along, bound along, my fair fleet-footed friend,
 By forest and meadow, hill, valley, and glade ;
 There is corn meant for thee at thy long journey's end,
 And bright gems for the brow of my sweet Spanish maid.
 What a mantle of foam on thy reeking neck lies !
 Dost thou know the fair maid thou art bearing me to ?
 Perchance thou hast gaz'd on the light of her eyes,
 And art eager to bask in their lustre anew.
 Thou must love her, my steed ; she is gentle and mild.
 And ere long it may be on thy back she will ride ;
 And thou'l fancy, I know, that thou bear'st but a child,
 As thou canterest along with my heart's joy and pride.
 She is slender and light and as fair as the snow,
 Full as bright as thine own is her ebon-hu'd eye ;
 And were I to a far land to ask her to go,
 To my wishes, like thee, she would promptly reply.
 For me she would leave all the friends she holds dear,
 The censure and scorn of the world she'd defy ;
 For the love of her heart is so deep and sincere,
 That with me in the dead of the night she would fly.
 Many times, in the midst of festivities gay,
 To the gallants around she has lent a deaf ear ;
 And exclaim'd as she turned from their offers away,
 "You may see at my side my own gay cavalier."
 And for her I would give, should there e'er be the need,
 All the wealth that is mine in gold, forest, or field ;
 Both my honour and life—perchance thee, my fair steed—
 Yes, my treasure, thyself for her sake I would yield !
 But the towers of Cadiz now loom o'er the plain,
 I'll be grateful to thee, my fair, fleet-footed steed ;
 And of bit, whip, or spur, thou shalt ne'er feel the pain ;
 Bound along, bound along, there is corn for thy meed.

The Swallows.

FROM THE FRENCH OF BERANGER.

It is thus that there spoke on a far foreign shore,
 A captive who bent 'neath the weight of his chains :—
 “ Your beautiful forms I behold yet once more,
 Gay haters of climes where the cold winter reigns !
 Fair swallows swift-wing'd, who seem so to delight
 In skimming the face of this bright, burning strand,
 No doubt from fair France you have late wing'd your flight ;
 Oh ! do you not speak of my dear native land ?

“ My thoughts you turn back to the valley so fair,
 Where my life was a scene of the purest delight ;
 Where I dwelt all obscure, with a heart free from care,
 Deftly weaving the web of futurity bright.
 At the bend of the brook where the waves, swift and clear,
 Go bounding along 'neath the old lilac-tree,
 The dwelling you know that to me is so dear :
 Oh ! do you not speak of that valley to me ?

“ Some among you, fair birds, may perchance have been born
 Beneath the warm eaves of our straw-thatchen cot ;
 And you there may have heard a poor mother forlorn
 Weep disconsolate o'er a lost son's hapless lot ;
 And, when she lay stretch'd on her sad, dying bed,
 Heard her pray that each sound might the welcome
 sound be
 Of that dearly-lov'd son's happy homeward bound tread :
 Oh ! do you not speak of her deep love for me ?

“ Have you my fair sister’s bright wedding-day seen ?
 And did the old friends of our glad, by-gone days,
 Who there as gay, bright-hearted guests may have been,
 Enshriu’d in her songs of affection and praise ?
 And the brave comrades, too, of my boyhood so bold,
 Who abandon’d their homes that they might the wars see,
 Have they found their way back to the calm scenes of old ?
 Oh ! do you not speak of them all, birds, to me ?

“ Some stranger, perchance, from a country afar,
 O’er their green, lowly graves, all unheeding may roam—
 The joys of my fair sister’s wedding may mar,—
 Or the master may be of my boyhood’s old home ;
 While I, on this fiery and far-distant strand,
 A captive forlorn am henceforth doom’d to be,
 Birds ! beautiful birds of my dear native land !
 Oh ! do you not speak of its sorrows to me ? ”

The Animals Sick of the Plague.

FROM THE FRENCH OF LA FONTAINE.

A pestilence sent, by the gods in their ire,
 To be the dread scourge and the punishment dire
 Of crimes such as were to the world a disgrace—
 A pestilence which, by its powerful sway,
 Might have Hades enrich’d in the course of a day--
 Made a furious war on the animal race.
 It attack’d every one ; yet they did not all die ;
 But they ceas’d with each other to struggle and vie
 In obtaining the means their sad lives to support.
 No dainties could now their dull appetites court ;

The wolf and the fox had both ceas'd to waylay
 The animals mild which erewhile were they prey ;
 The fond turtle doves from each other, too, fled ;
 And love in all hearts was apparently dead.
 So a council was call'd ; and the lion there said :—
 “ I fear, my good friends, that this pestilence dread
 The great gods have to punish our sinfulness sent ;
 It is fitting, therefore, that the guiltiest here
 Should himself offer up to their justice severe ;
 For, their anger appeas'd, it may be they'll relent.
 On occasions like this, as in history shown,
 Such self immolations have often been known.
 Let us rigidly, therefore, examine, and see
 What may the foul state of our consciences be.
 For myself, my fierce hunger in quiet to keep,
 I have eaten, I own, many hundreds of sheep,
 Who had in no way been offensive to me ;
 And sometimes, moreover, I'm sorry to say,
 E'en the shepherd himself I have seiz'd as my prey.
 If needful therefore, I the victim will be.
 But for all to confess I should deem the best thing ;
 For you will not, I know, in your justice deny
 That the guiltiest beast is the one that should die.”
 “ Sire,” said a sly fox, you are too good a king,
 And your scruples of conscience are needlessly deep.
 What was there in eating a few stupid sheep ?
 Could that be a sin ? None at all, I should say ;
 'Twas an honour to them to be seiz'd as your prey.
 And as for the shepherd !—A man in his case
 Had richly deserv'd a most pitiless doom ;
 Being one of those people who, over our race,
An empire unjust and illfounded assume.”

His speech was approv'd by the sycophants round ;
 But nobody ventur'd too deeply to sound
 The scandalous crimes of the tiger and bear,
 Or the other great powers in assemblage there ;
 And the quarrellers all, to the mastiff dog down,
 Seem'd to think they deserv'd to wear scanty's crown.

" I remember that once," in his turn said the ass,

" As the meads of some monks I was journeying through,
 Led by hunger and chance, and the soft juicy grass,
 And some devil malignant impelling me too,
 I bit off as much as would cover my tongue,

Though to do so was sinful must not be denied."

"Shame! shame on the ass!" at these words they all cried;
 And a wily old wolf, bred the lawyers among,
 Made it out that 'twas he to the gallows must go,
 For being the cause of the general woe.
 His fault they all said was a hangable crime.

To eat people's grass ! Why the scaffold alone
 For a sin so outrageous could ever atone.
 A truth he found out in a very short time ;
 For just as you chance to be powerless or strong
 Approval or censure to you will belong.



The Two Birds.

FROM THE FRENCH OF THE MARQUIS DE BOUFFLERS.

A beautiful bird, born and bred in a cage,
 Was trying to soothe the sad care and dismay
 Of a bird of his race of a much riper age,
 Lately brought from the green, waving wildwoods away,
 As a captive to pine through his life's latest stage.
 "I pity," he said, "your dejection, indeed";
 But the cause of your grief is a myst'ry to me,
 As here, I am sure, you might most happy be;
 For have we not plenty of water and seed?
 And on dainties most rare do we not often feed?
 Most dearly fair Maud loves us too;
 As you must by her great kindness see.
 Return an affection so true,
 And most happy again you will be.
 It is her most cherish'd delight
 To dispel your despondence and pain;
 She speake kindly to you; speak again;
 And the fears of your heart will take flight.
 And such echoes the sounds of her sweet voice awaken
 That for one of our race she might well be mistaken.
 Of knowledge, moreover, she has a great store,
 And I have imbib'd from her teaching such lore,
 That, thanks to her lessons, though out I ne'er go,
 You would scarcely believe what a great deal I know.
 As soon as my pinions were feather'd for flight,
 I felt a most passionate longing to see
 The wildwoods that you say are so fair and so bright,
 Where sunshine and shade yield their joy and delight
 To thousands of songsters related to me.

To fair Maud what I felt I most candidly told ;
 And to me she replied with her looks full of care :—
 “ Oh ! my dear little friend ! canst thou then be so bold
 As to play the knight-errant abroad in the air ? ”
 “ The feelings,” I said, “ that within me unfold,
 Proclaim me a bird of endowments most rare ;
 So to Fate I shall trust, and my destiny try ;
 For the homes of one’s race it is pleasant to see,
 And to them I intend very shortly to fly,”
 ‘ Oh ! my dear little friend ! ’ then again exclaim’d she,
 You will then in a land of stern enemies be ;
 Where, alas ! before long you’ll be certain to die.
 You know not the woods ; peace in them has no sway ;
 But might is deem’d right, and all virtue is vain ;
 And what chance has a delicate birdlet, I pray,
 In merciless might’s law-defying domain ? ”
 To her tears and her reasons, my courage gave way,
 And so here in my cage I determin’d to stay.
 Nor is life in the woods ever fully enjoy’d ;
 For there its full course is but rarely complete,
 And we, though a race for all strife so unmeet,
 By enemies new are for ever annoy’d.
 For there your night’s rest by the fear is destroy’d
 That the weasel or owl should find out your retreat ;
 The fowler his skill in the morning essays ;
 And, if you succeed in eluding his snares,
 Upon you the shooter’s keen eye brightly glares ;
 And from him you escape on the vulture to gaze.
 Such terrors as these make a burden of life,
 And yet they are nought to the wants in them rife ;
 For hunger and thirst there alternately reign,
 In summer no water, in winter no grain.

Fair Maud tells me, too, the wide open air
 With frail birds such as we very badly agree ;
 For the change is so quick from the foul to the fair,
 That to-day we are scorch'd, and to-morrow we freeze.
 Now if truth is contain'd in reports such as these,
 Can you longer refuse the admission to me,
 That much better safe here than in them 'tis to be ?
 Why do you not answer me, friend, now I pray ?"
 But the captive replied in a sorrowful tone :—
 "Since thou canst in thy bondage be joyous and gay,
 In the place of thy birth still contentedly stay ;
 But I have the sweets of fair Liberty known."

The Widow's Aspiration.

I would the dove's strong-pinion'd wing were mine,
 That I my flight might wing to Heaven above,
 To dwell in its abodes of joy and love,
 And be in grief no longer doom'd to pine ;
 That I might bid this heartless world adieu,
 In which the sad and wretched find no room,
 But wear away their lives in woe and gloom,
 For friends, alas ! are rarely fond or true ;
 That I might quit this stage of guilty strife,
 On which the poor, the sick, infirm, and old,
 Are sacrific'd to vile and sateless lust of gold,
 And ruthless selfishness is ever rife ;
 That I might leave mankind its race to run,
 O'erjoyed to find my life's drear journey done.

Sandy Tom's Epitaph.

Here lies Sandy Tom, a misguided old cat ;
 Whose taste, all too dainty for mouse or for rat,
 Led him often away from his friends and his home,
 In search of rich morsels insanely to roam.
 Till, one day, he was caught in a fast-holding trap,
 That was cunningly laid by a game-loving chap,
 Who came with a gun, heavy loaded with lead,
 And kill'd Sandy Tom with some shots in the head.
 Poor Tom ! He'd his faults. But what cat has them not !
 And fewer ne'er fell to a single cat's lot.
 It is true he would bite ; he would scratch, swear, and rail ;
 If you pok'd him about, or you trod on his tail.
 But, just let him alone ; or but treat him with kindness,
 And no cat would behave with more thorough refinedness.
 Aye ! he'd sit on your lap for an hour without stirring,
 And, all the while keep most delightedly purring ;
 And, he might have purr'd now if he had but been quiet,—
 Contented and pleased with his home and his diet.

MORAL.

Now ! all dainty-mouth'd cats, from Tom's end take a
 warning ;—
 Or trapp'd you may get some dark night or light
 morning ;
 And, in seeking for dainties to humour your palates,
 Your fate's may be sad as was Tom's of The Valletts.



The Angel's Serenade.

FROM THE FRENCH OF MADAME D'ARBOUVILLE.

" What sweet song, dear mother, breaks now on my sleep ?
 Midnight is the time meant for slumberings deep,
 Oh, who can it be that is come out so late,
 To watch and to sing at our old garden gate."

" Sleep on, my child, sleep ! for it is but a dream ;
 And the night courses on like a beautiful stream ;
 I hear no sweet song though my cheek touches thine,
 And around thy frail form my arms lovingly twine,
 There is nobody comes with a sweet serenade
 To gladden the ears of a poor sickly maid."

" Oh ! mother they come from the bright skies above,
 These sweet and melodious outpourings of love !
 The voice of no mortal could make such as they ;
 'Tis an Angel of God come to call me away.
 The sun shines out now, and it dazzles my sight ;
 Farewell, my dear mother ! Good night, good night."

When the beams of the morning came over the hill,
 That fair little child was in deep slumber still ;
 And her mother was trying, but trying in vain,
 To kiss her awake to the world's light again ;
 For her unspotted soul to the skies took its flight,
 When the bright Angel sang in the lonely midnight.



A Song for the Volunteers.

Air :—“The White Cockade.”

Is there a man in whom there burns
 A spirit that oppression spurns,
 And free speech claims for chainless thought,
 By which, to rulers, truth is taught ?

Come, then, and be a Volunteer,
 And don the soldier's manly gear ;
 For bands of such, as firm as rocks,
 Might brave invasion's fiercest shocks.¹

Is there a man who'd scorn to wear
 The chains that conquer'd nations bear ?
 Or ~~scorn to be the patient thrall~~ ...
 Of such a rule as that of Gaul ?

Come, then, and be a Volunteer,
 And don the soldier's manly gear ;
 For bands of such, as firm as rocks,
 Might brave invasion's fiercest shocks.

Is there a man who fain would be,
 To come and go, unwatch'd and free ?
 Or fain would speak, without a fear
 Of hireling spies existing near ?

Come, then, and be a Volunteer,
 And don the soldier's manly gear ;
 For bands of such, as firm as rocks,
 Might brave invasion's fiercest shocks.

Is there a man who owns a soul
 Too proud to brook the stern control
 Of rulers, who in prisons pen
 A host of unconvicted men ?

Come, then, and be a Volunteer,
 And don the soldier's manly gear ;
 For bands of such, as firm as rocks,
 Might brave invasion's fiercest shocks.

Is there a man who'd bravely die
 Ere he would see his country lie
 Beneath the unrelenting sway
 Of tyrants, who on freedom prey ?

Come, then, and be a Volunteer,
 And don the soldier's manly gear ;
 For bands of such, as firm as rocks,
 Might brave invasion's fiercest shocks.

The Lay of the English Emigrant.

I'm kneeling, brother, by thy grave,
 As oft I've knelt before,
 But never felt so sad as now,
 For all my joys are o'er.
 Compell'd by Fate to seek a home
 Beyond the foaming main,
 I now must leave thee, dear, at last,
 Ne'er to return again.

When I am gone the flow'rs will fade
 That now bloom o'er thy head,
 And weeds and grass, uncheck'd and free,
 Their wild luxuriance spread.
 They say I prize these flow'rs too much :
 They would not did they know
 How decking out a brother's grave
 Can soothe a sister's woe.

I will not leave them, then, to die,
 But take them o'er the sea,
 And guard them with the tend'rest care
 In memory of thee ;
 And when I've found another home,
 Beyond the rolling wave,
 I'll plant them on some lonely mound,
 And that shall be thy grave.

Gazing on these mementoes frail
 Of scenes I love so well,
 My thoughts will be of this fair vale
 Where once 'twas mine to dwell ;
 For never shall I know again,
 Whate'er my lot may be,
 Our dear old cot's delightful peace,
 So long enjoy'd with thee.



Five Years Ago.

Five years ago, five years ago,
 The gayest charms of Hope were ours ;
 For we had pass'd a waste of woe,
 And thought to tread a world of flowers.
 But with Time's flight, Hope's charms all fled—
 All Fancy's golden dreams were ended ;
 The flowers' blooms around lay shed,
 And sorrow's cloud on us descended.
 We little thought life's glorious glow
 Would perish thus—five years ago.

Nay, gentle Clare, speak not of Hope ;
 Nor strive again to make me gay ;
 With Fate's decrees 'tis vain to cope,
 And sorrows's tears must have their way.
 Of all life's dearest joys bereft,
 I must perforce be dull and sad ;
 When nought on earth but care is left
 How can the heart be gay and glad ?
 A fate so hard, so full of woe,
 We dreamt not of—five years ago.

The day, I know, is nearing now,
 When you and I for life must part ;
 Yet let not care o'ercloud thy brow,
 Nor from thine eye grief's teardrop start ;
 For though our earthly hopes are o'er,
 We yet may meet in realms of light,
 Where life's regrets will pain no more ;
 And all be beautiful and bright.
 Joys greater far we then may know
 Than those we knew—five years ago.

About Clare's Photograph.

THE OPINIONS.

They said the brow bore thought's deep trace ;
 That sadness rested on the face ;
 Guess'd that the hair was lac'd with threads
 That add high grace to pensive heads ;
 Surmis'd the step had less of lightness,
 And that the eye had lost some brightness.

THE INFERENCE.

A brain of all high thoughts the shrine ;
 A heart the home of feelings fine,—
 Are gifts more rare, and beauties higher,
 Than glowing cheeks or eyes of fire ;
 And such as well might light a love
 Not all unmeet for realms above ;
 With strength to all Time's storms outbrave ;
 And brighter burn beyond the grave.

THE QUESTION.

What fairer lines could meet thine eye
 Than these that now beneath it lie ?
 Fair cheeks might emulate the rose,
 And not such gentle tales disclose ;
 Hair might outgloss the wild bird's wing,
 And not such sweet enchantments bring ;
 While eyes might shame the fleet gazelle's,
 And not contain such glorious spells.

While the fair, dimpling cheek about which they could stray ;
 Wore of maidenhood's bloom the enchanting array ;
 And the pale, lofty brow over which they could roam
 Was of beautiful thoughts the appropriate home.

Etheldeen of the Nith had such marvellous grace,
 She might well have belong'd to a bright angel race ;
 And when her fair form first attracted my gaze
 At her beauty I felt such delight and amaze,
 That I wondered a thing of such exquisite mould
 Was allow'd to remain in a world rough and cold ;
 Yet her beauty alone did not make me incline
 To entwine her life's thread in a union with mine.

Etheldeen of the Nith had, in union combin'd,
 A compassionate heart and a highly-dowr'd mind ;
 And gifts such as these to my soul are more dear
 Than an eye that could vie with the bright dewdrop's sphere,
 When it lies in the heart of the crimson-hu'd rose,
 And brightest in beauty shines, glitters, and glows ;
 For of all precious things there is nought that I prize
 Like Pity's sweet tears gemming Beauty's bright eyes.

Etheldeen of the Nith, with affection sincere,
 In Sorrow's dark hours to console me was near ;
 And she said I must trust in God's provident care,
 And not be the prey of relentless Despair ;
 For my trials were sent with a loving intent,
 And to wean me away from the world might be meant ;
 And that after the flight of a few rapid years
 I should never again shed Despondency's tears.

Etheldeen of the Nith died one beautiful Spring,
 When her soul to the homes of the angels took wing ;
 And no more in this world of care, sorrow, and pain,
 Her sweet, silvery voice shall I e'er hear again ;
 Yet oftentimes, in my brightest and happiest dreams,
 Of her beautiful form I catch shadowy gleams ;
 And deep in my mind shall her image remain,
 For in Heaven's bright realms I may meet her again.

Alphonsus the Wise.

FROM THE FRENCH OF FLORIAN.

On the banks of the Tagus a monarch once reign'd
 Who had of the Wise to the surname attain'd—
 Yet not for his wisdom in matters of state,
 But because of his learning folks said was so great.
 For Alphonsus, the King, was in star-lore so wise
 That he knew not his kingdom so well as the skies
 And full often would he his state councillors shun
 To inspect the broad disc of the moon or the sun.
 One eve, as he bent to his watch-tow'r his way,
 Attended by all his gay courtier train,
 "My friends," he explain'd, "I will venture to say,
 With my instruments new, we to-night shall obtain
 A glimpse of the men who inhabit the moon."
 "No doubt," exclaim'd one, but your Majesty will ;
 And, though such a rare sight might be deem'd a great boon,
 You will see, I'd fain hope, rarer spectacles still."

While thus he discours'd with his courtiers gay,
 A poor beggar drew near him, and ask'd if he'd got
 A few coins he could spare. But the King heard him not ;
 And, the question unheeding, continued his way.
 The beggar trudg'd after the King and his train,
 Still urging aloud his importunate plea ;
 But the only reply from the King he could gain
 Was :—“The men in the moon I feel sure we shall see.”
 The poor beggar at last, all his long patience fled,
 Caught the King by the cloak, and thus solemnly said :—
 “ ‘Tis not King of the moon that God meant you to be ;
 But King of the earth upon which you now tread.
 Look around your own kingdom ; there men you may see ;
 And men, too, who are pining in want of bread.”

To my Wife.

I lov'd thee when, a little child,
 I join'd thee in thy gambols wild,
 While happy faces on us smil'd—
 My beautiful, bright Clare.

I lov'd thee when in girlhood's days,
 As we explor'd the wild wood's maze,
 Thou'dst wake the echoes with thy lays—
 My beautiful, bright Clare.

I lov'd thee when with joy and pride,
 I watch'd thee through the gay dance glide,
 Deeming with sylphs thou might'st have vied,—
 My beautiful, bright Clare.

But not as child, as merry girl,
Or graceful sylph in dance's whirl,
Wert thou to me so dear a pearl,
As now thou art, my Clare ?

For, through a long eventful life,
In much of sorrow, care, and strife,
Thou'st been to me a noble wife,
My beautiful, bright Clare.

And though Time, in its onward flight,
Has robb'd thee of some beauties bright ;
Still to thy well-pleas'd husband's sight,
Thou'rt beautiful, bright Clare.



